

The Gilted
Occasional Hymns:

Chiefly for the *Prophetic*

LORD's DAY,

AND

LORD's TABLE.

BEING

A Collection from others.

WITH

AN ADDITION of New HYMNS.

By *B. BENNET.*

*Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms,
Hymns, and spiritual Songs. Col. iii. 6.*

O sing unto the Lord a new Song, Psal. xcvi. 1.

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THE PREFACE.

I Need not spend any Time in displaying the Usefulness and Excellency of Psalmody, or singing the Praises of GOD in divine Composures. This has been often done to good Purpose, and my Limits will not allow any further Essay on that Head: We find it recommended by the Practice of devout Men, in very early Ages of the Church; as appears from the Hymns, or Songs recorded in Scripture, as Deut. xv. 32. Judg. v. &c. and from the whole Book of Psalms, mostly composed by David, that sweet Psalmist of Israel, 2 Sam. xxiii. 1. 'Tis certain it was a stated, and a very considerable Part of their publick Worship, under the old Testament: And what Provision was made for the more solemn and pompous Performance of it at that Time, is known, and must not here be considered.

Nor can it with any Reason be thought a ceremonial Service, and peculiar to the Jewish State: We have both Precept and Practice for it in the new Testament, Col. iii. 16. Eph. v. 19. Jam. v. 13. CHRIST sung a Hymn with his Disciples at the Conclusion of his Supper, when he instituted it for the Use of his Church, in

all after Times, Matth. xxvi. 30. Paul and Silas when in Prison, hymniz'd or sung Praise to GOD at Midnight; Acts xvi. 25. And 'tis observable amongst the extraordinary Gifts of the primitive Apostolick Church, this of composing and uttering divine Hymns, by a special Afflatus and Inspiration of the holy Ghost, was one, 1 Cor. xi. 5. 1 Cor. xiv. 15, 26. which I took upon as no obscure Intimation, that Psalmody should remain a solemn Part of Christian Worship, as it had been of the Jewish heretofore.

In how great Request it was among the Christians, in the following Ages of the Church, their History informs us. * Chrysostome recommends it as proper at Meals; Whereas, says he, the Devil lays Snares for Men, at the Time of their Eating and Drinking, they ought to fortify themselves, both before and after their Meals, by singing of Psalms; and when they rise from the Table with their Families, sing sacred Hymns to GOD. To the same purpose Clemens Alexand. Psalms and Hymns, (says he) are a proper Sacrifice to GOD, at the Time of our Meals, and before we go to Bed, Stromat. Lib. 7. and in many other Places. And so much were, even the ordinary Sort of Christians delighted in this sort of Exercise, that, as Theodoret tells us in his Preface to the Book of Psalms, Tho' they knew little of other Books of Scripture, they could entertain and recreate themselves with the Psalms of David, both in their own Houses, and when they went abroad. † Jerome saith, One could not go into the Fields but they should hear the Mowers, Vine-dressers, and Plowmen singing of Psalms. And 'tis said of ‡ Theodosius the younger, That rising early every Morning, he, together with his Sisters, sung Psalms or Praises unto GOD. In short, it was the daily Employment

* In Psal. xlii. † Epist. ad Marcel. ‡ Socrat. Hist. Eccl. Lib. 6. Cap. 22.

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ment of religious Persons. This Exercise, says the learned Dr. * Hammond, made up a very great Part of the Christian's Devotions, both in the publick Assembly, and more privately in the Family, in their Retirements in the Closet, and in the waking Beds. The Fathers of the Church assure us, That for those that liv'd in *seculo* (the Men of Business) *Psalmody* was the constant Attendant, sometime of their Meals, generally of their Business, in the Shop, and in the Field; That they learn'd the whole Book of *Psalms* by Heart, and persevered thro' their whole Life in singing of *Psalms*: That whereas the Custom of the World had taught all to deceive the wearisomeness, or length of Business (to lessen the Trouble of it) by any kind of Singing, GOD had provided Christians *Psalms* for their Pleasure and Profit together; that whilst they did in appearance but sing (like others) they should really be instructed and improved in their Souls.

It can be no Question with those, who have ever dipped into these Matters, and know any Thing of the primitive Church, whether they sung Psalms in their Assemblies: A Man that would do Justice here, should rather make an Apology for their employing so much of their Time in Singing, than go about to prove they sung at all. That of Pliny, in his Letter to Trajan the Emperour, concerning their Hymni antelucani, the Hymns they sung before Day (their Assemblies, by reason of Persecution, being often held in the Night) is well known. Justin Martyr tells us, they us'd in their Congregations, Carmen Christo tanquam Deo dicere secum invicem, to sing a Hymn to CHRIST as unto GOD.

But I need not stand to prove that they sung; 'tis more material to my Purpose to enquire what they sung; and I think it evident, they did not confine themselves to inspir'd Hymns, but sometimes us'd others of human

* Pref. to Paraph. on *Psal.*

Composure. Austin made an Hymn, in imitation of the cxix. Psalm, for the service of Christians in his Day, and divided it into so many Parts, according to the order of the Letters in the Hebrew Alphabet; each Part having its proper Letter at the head of it. Hilary and Ambrose made several Hymns: Their Morning Hymn, and no doubt the Hymn to CHRIST that Justin Martyr takes notice of, were of human Composure. Tertullian's Testimony in his Apologetick is express; namely, of Persons singing in their Assemblies, de Scripturis sacris vel proprio Ingenio; either out of the holy Scriptures, or from their own Invention. Dionysius of * Alexandria commends Nepos for the many Psalms and Hymns he compos'd, with which many of the Brethren were greatly delighted. Indeed the Council of Laodicea (Canon 59.) forbids the reciting of private Hymns in the Church; But if the Prohibition refers at all to this Matter (as some think it does not, but respects the publick reading Apocryphal, Uncanonical Psalms and other Books) the reason for it, its likely, was some particular Abuse of this Liberty (the singing human Composures in the Church) at that Time: They might have too great a Fondness for their private Hymns, neglecting the Scripture Hymns; or such might be brought into the publick Worship, by the Forwardness of unskilful Men, as were thought unsuitable to the End proposed by them: But upon whatever Reason this Council proceeded in their Restraint, 'tis certain that human Hymns were generally sung in their Assemblies; this very Canon supposes it, and the Practice of the Church abundantly confirms it. We find the 4th Council of Toledo, when some Exceptions were made against the Hymns of Hilary and Ambrose, not only approves the Use of them, but threatned to Excommunicate any that should reject them.

Not

* Euseb. Eccl. Hist. Lib. 7. Cap. 24.

Not but that a very great preference ought to be given to inspir'd Hymns; as the Psalms of David, and others; here every Verse, and sometime every Line is a Text: The subject Matter of them is Divine; and, as many of them are of a moral Nature, so they suit the Circumstances of devout and good Men, to the end of the World, in all the Varieties of their Cases, Affections, and Frames; which they wonderfully describe, and in which they are fitted to afford no small Consolation and Help. One Thing, I must confess, I have long thought wanting to make them more Serviceable to the Church, (which I should be glad to see supply'd by a proper Hand) viz. A select Number of the Psalms, well chosen, and printed by themselves; with the Occasion, Scope, and Spirit of the Psalm (so far as it can be attain'd) represented in a short Introduction, or Preface to each Psalm: And if to this were added, a few Notes in the Margin, explaining any difficult Words or Phrases that occur, and a brief Instruction at the bottom, with what Affections, answerable to the Nature of the Psalm, it ought to be sung; it would tend to give Life and Pleasure to the Exercise, and enable Christians to sing with the Spirit, and with the Understanding.

But notwithstanding the higher Regard, and every sort of Preference reserv'd to inspir'd Hymns, the Matter and Composure being Divine: (on which account I think they should always keep their Place in our stated Worship) this hinders not, but human Hymns may have their Use and Excellency; especially such as are Occasional, as for the LORD's Day, LORD's Table, &c. and on their proper Occasions be the more Useful. The Practice of the Christian Church pleads for them, as I have hinted above; particularly that of the Church of Corinth, where their Prophets, or inspir'd Ministers assisted the Devotion of the Assembly, by Psalms or Hymns (of a Gospel Strain no doubt) utter'd by the immediate Afflatus of the holy Spirit. If it be said the Hymns of
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the Corinthian Prophets were inspir'd; I answer, 'Tis probable so were their Prayers: But that's no reason against attempting, by an ordinary Gift (either in Prayer or Psalmody) what they performed by an Extraordinary. The Argument in short is this, That the Church of Corinth was directed by the Spirit of GOD, to compose and sing Psalms and Hymns, different from those us'd under the Jewish Dispensation, as we have them in the Scriptures of the old Testament (such I reckon as were more adapted to the Gospel State) which I look upon an Encouragement and Warrant to Imitate them.

It will be perfectly needless to tell the Reader, by way of Apology, That I do not set up for a Poet; all that think themselves competent Judges here, will soon discern I have no Right to that Character, and I am sure I lay no Claim to it, having never employ'd an Hour in Poetry, nor so much as attempted to make an Hymn before: But I do not think any great Skill in that Art necessary to such a Work: What I most value in an Hymn is the Fulness, Strength, Order, and Connection of divine Thoughts; these with Propriety, and competent liveliness of Expression, are aptest to strike the Minds of Men, and excite a rational Devotion: Where these are wanting, the most lively Images, the most florid Diction, and beautiful Figures, are, I apprehend, but weak and ineffectual Instruments of Devotion; solid Judgment, a warm Heart, the assistance of the divine Spirit, are of greater account in Psalmistry, than all the Inspirations of Erato, and the rest of the Muses. I am afraid the Reader will find too few Proofs and Marks of these Excellencies here; perhaps more might have been attain'd, had I design'd even the little I have perform'd, and in consequence of it made better Preparation; But all I propos'd to my self, was, to collect from Others to supply the Occasions I had in mine Eye. That I have added any Thing of my own, is beside my first Intention; but having perus'd what I could meet with, offer'd to the Publick by several
worthy

worthy Persons, that have serv'd the Church by their Talents this Way, I thought some few Hymns were wanting upon Subjects more directly suited to the LORD's Day, and LORD's Supper, which I have endeavour'd to supply. If they be acceptable, and useful to any, I shall esteem their Advantage a good Recompence; and if they be thought worth little, I have this Satisfaction, that they cost me little.

I hope the Gentlemen I have borrowed from, will excuse the freedom I have used with their Composures, and accept the Apology I have made before them. I cannot doubt but that they intended the Service of the Publick by them; and therefore any Attempt, in a Method different from theirs, to make them more serviceable, will not be displeasing. I have alter'd many of their Hymns, cast them into a new Measure, and new Form; have sometimes taken Verses out of several Hymns, and put them into one; have added Lines and Verses, and made such Changes throughout, as might best answer my Purpose. Which I mention, that the Reader, who is dispos'd to play the Critick, may not impute any inaccuracies I have been the occasion of, to the more skilful Authors. I have borrowed some Thoughts, and now and then a few Lines, in that Part, which is more properly my own. But this Plagiarism, as 'tis not uncommon even among profess'd Poets, will be more easily pardon'd in one, that design'd to borrow all.

What I especially aim'd at in the Undertaking, and was my Motive to it, has been partly hinted already, (viz.) To collect proper Materials for Psalmody, for the LORD's Table, and for the LORD's Day; particularly to introduce the LORD's Day Worship. * Jeronie mentions it as the Practice of the Church, at least of some in his Day, that they began their publick Service

* Post horam nonam in commune concurratur, Psalmi resonant, Scripturæ recitantur ex More, &c. Hieron. Epist. 22. ad Ustoch. Cap. 15.

The PREFACE.

vice with singing of Psalms, and then proceeded to the reading of the Scriptures, &c. And tho' I do not pretend the Practice of those he refers too, is any Rule to Christians in general; or that this Order of Worship is necessary (such Circumstances no doubt are to be determined for themselves by the Prudence of particular Congregations) yet to me the Reason of the Thing recommends it; it seems a fit Preparation for the following Parts of Worship; A pertinent Variety is both entertaining and edifying in Worship; and I reckon beginning with Psalmody, and the intermixing of it with other Service, as often as conveniently may be, a good means of this Variety, and of exciting and securing Devotion through the whole. The learned Mr. Boise in his Preface to his Hymns, observes, That the Practice of the Reformed Churches abroad, who exceed us in the frequency of Singing, reproaches our own. He adds, As frequent Singing was more remarkably the Practice of the Protestants in France, so those Events are too memorable to be easily forgot, which Mounfieur Jurieu relates (in the 7th Pastoral Letter, Vol. 1st.) concerning Voices heard in the Air (both in the City of Orthez in Bearn, and in Cevennes) to sing Psalms; soon after the publick Exercise of the Reformed Religion was suppressed in France, by the infamous Revocation of the Edict of Nantz. If this be Fact (and the Author produces a great number of Testimonies to it, many of them upon Oath) it looks as if Psalmody was that Part of our Worship, the Angels were peculiarly delighted in; and therefore, when the Assemblies of these Christians were shut up, and they silenc'd, the Angels show their regret by seizing their Songs.

Nor is it enough consider'd how much of our after Heaven, the Work and Happiness of it, and consequently how much of our present Preparation for such a State, consists in Worship, and particularly in Praise. 'Tis the Excellency of Man that he is a reasonable Creature,
and

and his chief Advantage, on that Account, that he's thereby capable of solemn Worship; a Skill and Delight in which, has a near connection with Heaven: This gives us a resemblance of the holy Angels, and of the Spirits of just Men made Perfect; gives us a Taste of their Joys, and fits us to bear a Part with them in their Gratulations and Triumphs. 'Tis the principal Thing, says a worthy Person,* that we know of the Joys of Heaven, that we shall most ardently love and praise GOD there, and devoutly contend with the holy Angels, his supreme Ministers, in sounding forth the adorable Excellencies of our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. Accordingly we are oblig'd by our holy Calling, and our many great Interests, to take some antepast of those celestial Joys in this lower Kingdom of Heaven, and to spend no inconsiderable Part of our present Lives, in this most blessed and holy Employment; wherein also those Angels, which shall then be our Precentors, are here pleas'd to follow and attend our Motions, and invisibly to assist in those Quires, where they can find meet Company, the Hearts, the pure and whole Hearts, the Spirits and inflam'd Affections, and Voices of PSALMODISTS. And if Angels are not only employ'd in such Service in their higher State, but entertain'd with our imperfect Essays in it here below, how much should it endear it to us? In short, a Worshipping frame of Soul, a Mind accusom'd to solemn Adorations of GOD, tun'd for all the Parts of religious Devotion, especially for Love, Praise, Gratitude, as it carries in it the most lively foretaste of Heaven, so (other Qualifications suppos'd, as they are imply'd in the Temper) is one of the best Preparations for it.

And indeed nothing can be a more certain mark of exclusion from Heaven, than the Temper of those that live utterly estrang'd from the Pleasures of Worship;

* Dr. Hammond.

Ship; that have no ability for it, no delight in it; that are reprobate to the great and good Work, the high and angelick Service of Praise. Multitudes of such there are, usurping the Christian Name, who seem to place their entire Happiness in fleshly Gratifications, Eating, Drinking, Sporting, &c. and can relish no Pleasures but such as are derived thro' their Senses. I know not but the Soul of a Monkey, in a Body organiz'd as theirs, might serve all the Purposes they do, and be capable of all the Functions and Pleasures of their low, and merely animal Life. But as these are Sensual, not having the Spirit, 'tis certain they belong not to the Body of Christ, that glorious divine Society of which he is Head, both of Government and vital Influence. The genuine Members of the Christian Peculium and Church, as they are design'd for a State of perfect Purity, of everlasting Praise and Love hereafter; so they have the Foundation laid of that Happiness, in the present Temper of their Minds. Col. i. 12.

Not that all Religion is to be plac'd in Devotion; much less in the outward Forms of it: No pretences to that will avail without a regular good Life. Tho' a Man attend all sorts of divine Offices, and abound in Recitations of them, as the Manner of some is, be never so punctual or constant in all the Formula's of this or that Church, yet if he be Immoral, under the power and government of corrupt and vicious Passions, he is no approved Worshipper of G O D, nor will be accepted of him, Psal. xv. On the other Hand, no Decorum, or Regularity of outward Behaviour, and in homolitical Vertues, is sufficient to denominate any one a Christian, that is destitute of the Spirit of Devotion, that has no Heart for Worship, no Frame that suits it; knows nothing of the refin'd, sublime Pleasures of Intercourse with the supreme Being, the great paternal Spirit. We should remember the Gospel teaches us, not only to live soberly, and righteously, but godlily in this present World, Tit. ii. 12.

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both an holy Life, and an holy devout Frame are included in the Character of a true Christian.

I have already exceeded the bounds Decency ought to fix to a Preface to so small a Work; and therefore must not give Directions touching the Manner of Singing, and 'tis less necessary, since they often occur in Practical Discourses. The main requisite to the Discharge of this Duty, is, A devout Frame of Mind. We are to sing with Grace in the Heart to the LORD, Col. iii. 16. I can by no means fall in with the Humour of those that are (very injuriously, I think) for confining this and other Texts, to the extraordinary Gifts of the Apostolick Age; as if by Grace was only meant the Charisma, or Afflatus, by which some compos'd Hymns at that Time. Christians (to the end of the World) are to sing with Grace in their Hearts; (i. e.) with Understanding, Faith, Reverence, Hope, Joy, &c. Which Graces in Exercise, constitute that devout solemn Frame, which is the Life of Psalmody.

Several Things tend to promote such a Frame; As the suitableness of the Matter, whether of the Psalm or Hymn: All Subjects, tho' Divine, are not alike proper to kindle the Flame of Devotion, and therefore a prudent Choice is to be made: And then the Manner of the Composition has its Influence. That Poetry which assists true Devotion, I reckon must be grave and strong, not flat and dull; and yet not too gay and florid, set off with all the Luxurianties of Fancy and Embellishments of Art. In a word, it must savour more of the Spirit than the Muse. The Fathers sometimes complain of a fondness in People for Tunes, Measures, and Rules of Art, and a vain Curiosity, as they call'd it, in Singing; which they thought resembled the Theatre, and savour'd of the Corruption and Effeminacy of secular Musick, tending to please the Ear, without raising the Affections. Indeed a decency in the Performance of this Duty, should always be preserved; and no question to some, the Niceties of Poetry of
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Tunes,

Tunes, &c. may be helpful; but to most, I'm afraid, they are rather a Snare: Too much attention to the exterior Ornaments, are apt to detain the Mind from that which is its chief Business, and of greatest Importance. Such Things, I grant, may raise a superficial Affection, like a Tone in Praying, Preaching, &c. but this is rather animal and mechanical Affection, than rational and divine; and therefore we should be cautious, that we do not suffer our selves to be cheated by them. St. Austin * acknowledges himself to have been faulty in this respect, *Amplus Cantus (says he) quam Res quæ canitur moveat; poenaliter me peccare confiteor; I was more taken with the Sound and Musick, than with the Matter; I confess my great Offence herein.*

But that which is of chief Account here, is the Assistance and Influence of the Paraclete; we are to pray, and sing in, or by the Spirit, 1 Cor. xiv. 15. The Spirit is still present with good Men, as well as at the first by a more extraordinary Inspiration. To deny and exclude his Influences, is, I think, to strike Devotion dead, and deprive Christians of their purest Consolations. I'll only add, That as Psalmody is the most affectionate Part of Worship, so Affections (excited in a rational Way) should be very much regarded therein. *Quantum flevi in Hymnis, (says Austin) What abundance of Tears did I shed in singing of Hymns? these were the chief Oratory and Musick of his Devotion.* To conclude, as there is Room, generally, for all sorts of divine Affections in this Exercise, as deep Abasement, great Brokenness and Contrition, with all the Sallies of more lofty Passions, as Love, Joy, Exultancy, &c. These we should endeavour to get and cherish, whenever we engage in it; here, if any where, we must be fervent in Spirit serving the LORD.

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* Confess. Lib. 10. Cap. 33.



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I. LORD's Day. Long Metre.

1. **H**OW awful is that glorious Place!
Where thou thy Presence dost afford;
Where Souls devout, in Consort join
And pay their Homage to their LORD.

2. 'Tis Holy Ground, when thou art there;
As when thy former Temple stood:
O! fill it with thy * *Shechinah*,
We'll call it then the House of GOD.

* The di-
vine Glory

3. All's solemn here; solemn the Place;
Solemn the Day; the Works the same;
Solemn's th' Assembly, throng'd with Saints,
LORD grant a serious solemn Frame.

4. Thy Spirit is the † *Shechinah*,
Our Gospel Worship has from him
Its Glory; now in Saints thou dwel'st,
As once between the *Cherubim*.

5. Blest Spirit of * Energy divine!
Do thou descend upon each Heart:

* Power,
Virtue

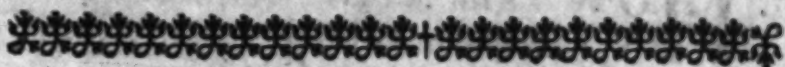
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† The *Shechinah* was the glorious Presence of GOD manifested, formerly in the Tabernacle and Temple in a bright Cloud, which was therefore call'd the *Glory of GOD*, or the Cloud of Glory (*Exod. xvi. 7. 10. Ex. xl. 34.*) but by the Jews, the *Shechinah*, or Habitation; It being a Symbol of GOD's glorious Presence, and, as at were, his *Dwelling Place*. The gracious Presence of GOD by his Spirit, under the Gospel, may in Allusion hereunto be called, not unfairly, the *Moral Shechinah*; nor were some of the Jews Strangers to this Notion: By the *Shechinah*, says one of their Rabbi's, we understand the holy Spirit.

A rich supply of needful Grace,
To ev'ry Worshipper impart.

6. Help, LORD, a Soul, that helpless lies,
Waiting in hope beneath thy Throne;
Behold the Sacrifice, but where's
The Fire from Heaven that falleth down.



I. Common Metre.

1. **H**OW awful is the Place where thou!
Thy Presence dost afford;
Where Holy Souls harmonious join,
In Homage to their LORD.

2. 'Tis Holy Ground, when thou art there;
As when thy Temple stood.

* The di- vine Glory Fill't with thy * *Shechinah*, and then
We'll call it House of GOD.

3. All's solemn here; solemn's the Place,
The Day, the Work's the same;
Solemn's the Assembly, throng'd with Saints.
LORD grant a solemn Frame.

* The di- vine Glory 4. Thy Spirit is the * *Shechinah*,
Our Glory's all from him:
In Saints thou dwel'st now, as before
Between the *Cherubim*.

* Power, Vertue. 5. May th' Spirit of * Energy Divine,
Descend upon each Heart,
To ev'ry Worshipper supplies,
Of needful Grace impart.

6. Help, LORD, a Soul that helpless lies,
Waiting beneath thy Throne.

The Off'ring's here, but where's the Fire
From Heaven that falleth down.

II. LORD's Day. Long Metre.

1. **T**HIS is the Day *Jehovah* made,
When he did rest in Paradise;

This Day *Immanuel* hallowed,
When he triumphantly did rise.

2. Sacred by high Authority;
Sacred since Time and Weeks began:

If *Eden's* Saints needed such rest;
Much more Apostate sinful Man.

3. They had no guilt, or stain within;
Nothing without to annoy the Mind;

Affections clog; perfect in them,
Their Makers glorious Image shin'd.

4. Yet wisely did their Sov'reign's Law,
One Day in Seven appoint for rest;

A Day of stated solemn Praise,
And for that purpose by him blest.

5. Must Sabbath Work pure Innocence,
Untainted Virgin-Love sustain?

And can we hope without such Work,
To live, and Paradise regain?

6. Surely the Word that bids us rest,
Is gracious, merciful, and kind;

Us, who in every state and * scene,
So many Snares and Deaths do find.

* Various
States and
Parts.

7. LORD, help me, by my Duty taught
And Int'rest too, this Day to love,

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Now

Now may I leave the World behind,
 Attempt. * Essay the Work and Life above.

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II. Common Metre.

1. **T**HIS is the Day *Jehovah* made,
 Resting in Paradise;
 This Day *Immanuel* hallowed,
 When he from th' Dead did rise.
2. Sacred by high Authority;
 Sacred since Time began:
 If *Eden's* Saints needed such rest,
 Much more Apostate Man.
3. They had no Guilt, no stain, or cloud;
 Nothing t' annoy the Mind,
 Affections clog; perfect in them
 Their Makers Image shin'd.
4. Yet wisely did their Sov'reign call
 One Day in Seven to rest;
 A Day of stated solemn Praise,
 And for that purpose blest.
5. Must Sabbath Work pure Innocence,
 And Virgin-Love sustain?
 And can we hope, without such Work,
 Lost Paradise to gain?
6. Surely the Word that bids us rest,
 Is merciful and kind;
 Us, who in ev'ry state and scene
 Dangers and Snares do find.
7. May duty, Lord, may int'rest teach,
 This Day to prize and love:

May

(5)

May I now leave the World behind;
* Essay the Life above.

* Attempt.



III. LORD's Day, Long Metre.

1. **H**AIL * sacred Day divinely blest ! * Welcome;
Sacred to solemn Work and rest :
A Day that flows with pure delight ;
Dawn of the Day that has no Night.

2. Creators pow'r, Redeemers Grace,
Adorable by humane Race ;
With Blessings none can estimate,
This Day shall ever celebrate.

3. *Jehovah* spake, majestic Word !
The World was made, and firmly stood.
That Word which all Things first did frame,
Do's constantly all Things sustain.

4. Yet greater Works, my God, proclaim
The Wonders of thy glorious Name ;
Redemption shows thy brighter Love,
The Song of Saints here and above.

Second P A R T.

5. **T**Was Love ! what Love, let Angel's tell,
High Seraphs that in Heaven dwell ;
That rescu'd Man, that paid the Price,
Found and accepts a Sacrifice.

6. Love made the Son leave his bright Throne,
And likeness of our Flesh put on ;
Love made him Infant, * Victim made,
Nail'd to the Cross, laid him i'th' Grave.

* Sacrifice.

A 3

7. Teach

7. Teach me to view thy Works of Love,
Those here on Earth, and those above;
* Various With Heart inflam'd Love's scene * survey,
States and And by thy Praise hallow thy Day.
Parts.

8. Help GOD of Love; a Beam impart
Of thy own Light, inspire my Heart
With Love divine; help Holy Dove,
* H.Spirit. Blest * Paraclete, my GOD of Love.

9. Holy's the Day; LORD grant a frame
Such as the Work and Day doth claim.
Oh! make this Day a sweet foretast
Of future Joys which always last.

III. *Common Metre.*

1. **W**elcome, thrice welcome Day of God,
A Day divinely blest:
Sacred to love, to praise, delight,
to solemn work and rest.

2. Exploits of the Creators pow'r,
Acts of redeeming Grace,
This Day records, this Day shall praise,
all times, from Age to Age.

3. *Jehovah* spake, mysterious Word!
A World at once to frame:
'Tis the same Word, that Creatures all,
From sinking doth sustain.

4. Yet greater Works my GOD hath done
Redemption shows thy Love
In full displays; the constant Song
Of Saints here and above.

Second P A R T.

5. 'T'Was Love! how great a Love it was
 Angels can better tell,
 That found the Ransom, paid the Price,
 And rescu'd Man from Hell.

6. Love made the Son leave his bright Throne;
 Love him an Infant made,
 Curse, * Victim, nail'd him to the Cross,
 And laid him in the Grave.

* Sacrifice.

7 Teach me to view thy Works of Love,
 It's pleasing scenes * survey,
 With Heart inflam'd, and Holy keep
 By Praise, thy hallow'd Day.

* Various
States and
Parts.

8. Help G O D of Love; to me a Beam,
 Impart of thy own Light;
 Help * Paraclete, thy touch relieves,
 The coldness of our Night.

* H. Spirit.

9. 'Tis Holy time; an Holy frame,
 L O R D give; a sweet foretast
 Of Heaven's Work, and Heaven's Bliss,
 Pleasures that always last.

III. *Short Metre.*

1. T' Hrice welcome Day of G O D,
 A Day divinely blest;
 Sacred to love, to praise, delight,
 To solemn work and rest.

2. Works of creating Power,
 Acts of redeeming Grace,

A 4

This

This Day records, this Day shall praise,
All times from Age to Age.

3. *Jehovah* spake the Word,
Thereby a World did frame;
'Tis the same Word that Creatures all,
From sinking doth sustain.

4. Yet greater Works are done;
Redemption shows thy Love
In full displays; the constant Song
Of Saints here, and above.

Second PART.

5. **T**Was Love! what Love it was
Angels can better tell,
That found the Ransom, paid the Price,
And rescu'd Man from Hell.

6. Love made him leave his Throne,
The Son an Infant made,
* Sacrifice. Curse, * Victim, nail'd him to the Cross,
And laid him in the Grave.

7. Teach me to view thy Love,
* Various It's pleasing * Scenes survey
States and With Heart inflam'd; and holy keep
Parts. By Praise, thy hallow'd Day.

8. Help GOD of Love, a Beam
Impart of thy own Light:
* H. Spirit. Help * Paraclete, thy touch relieves
The coldness of our Night.

9. 'Tis Holy Time, LORD give
a Frame, that may foretast
The Pleasures of triumphant Songs,
Pleasures that always last.

IV. LORD's

IV. LORD'S Day.

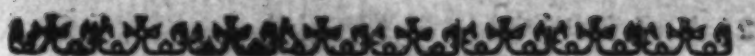
1. **H**ail * joyous Day ! hail blissful Light ! *Welcome!
Sabbath ; how sweet the Word !
A sacred Rest from worldly Cares,
A Rest unto the LORD.
2. Now Wisdom calleth to her Gates,
Her mingled Wine bestows ;
Invites her Sons to feast, and gives
A Cup that overflows.
3. Doctrine divine distills as dew ;
Thy Table Word and Grace
Refresh thy Saints, whilst they behold,
The brightness of thy Face.
4. LORD seal Instruction, teach thou me ;
Thy Laws write in my Heart ;
According to thy Promise put
Thy fear i'th' inward Part.
5. Attention fix, let no rude Thought
Invade, distract my Mind :
Fill me with Faith, Love, Reverence ;
Seek shall I then and find.
6. O ! Tune my Heart for Sabbath Work ;
Let north and south Wind blow :
Move on my Soul, celestial Dove,
My Spices then shall flow.

V. LORD's Day. Long Metre.

The Pleasures of Worship in prospect and review, Psal. cxxii. verse 1.

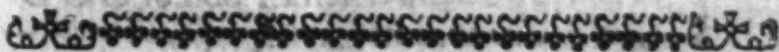
1. **M**Y Heart was glad when I did hear,
My pious Friends devoutly say,
Come let's to *Zion-Hill* repair,
And Holy keep the solemn Day.
2. The prospect of thy House and Work
The chiefest Pleasure does afford:
I bless the Day that sets me free,
To converse with my dearest LORD.
3. Joyful we meet, but loth to part:
Stop Sun a while thy hasty Race;
Lend a few Hours for Heaven's Work,
The Work of Love, Delight, and Praise.
4. I envy not the Worldling's State;
His Pomp, his Mirth, nor all his Store;
One Day's enjoyment in GOD's Courts,
Doth entertain and please me more.
5. 'Tis thus when I'm in frame, and thou
Thy gracious Presence, LORD, dost grant;
If thou withdraw'st each Soul must droop,
Each Saint will mourn and feel the want.
6. O! may the prospect of thy Day,
My Pleasure constantly renew;
And may I equal Pleasure have,
When I thy Day and Work review.

V. Com.



V. Common Metre.

1. **M**Y Heart was glad when Men of Zeal
I heard devoutly say,
Come let's to *Zion-Hill* repair,
And keep the solemn Day.
2. The prospect of thy House and Work
A Pleasure doth afford
I bless the Day that sets me free
To converse with my **GOD**.
3. Joyful we meet, but loth to part:
Stop Sun a while thy Race;
Lend a few Hours for Heaven's Work,
The Work of Love and Praise.
4. I envy not the Worldling's State,
His Pömp, his Mirth, and Store;
One Day's enjoyment in **GOD**'s Courts
Does entertain me more.
5. 'Tis thus when I'm in frame, and thou
Thy Presence, **LORD**, dost grant:
If thou withdraw'st, each Saint will droop,
Each Soul must feel the want.
6. O! may the prospect of thy Day,
My Pleasure still renew:
And may I equal Pleasure have,
when I the same review.



V. Short-Metre.

1. **M**Y Heart was glad to hear
My Friends devoutly say;
Come let's to *Zion-Hill* repair,
and keep the Holy Day.
2. The

2. The prospect of thy House
A Pleasure doth afford:
I Bless the Day that sets me Free
To converse with my GOD.

3. Joyful we meet, but loth
To part; O stop thy Race
Thou Sun, prolong the Day a while,
For th' Work of Love and Praise.

4. Sinners I envy not
Their Pomp, their Mirth, nor Store;
One Days Enjoyment in GOD's Courts
Doth entertain me more.

5. Thus I triumph when thou,
Thy Presence, LORD, dost grant:
If thou withdraw'st each Saint will droop,
Each Soul must feel the want.

6. May th' prospect of thy Day
My Pleasure still renew:
And may I equal Pleasure have,
When I the same review.



VI. LORD's Supper.

In Remembrance of me, 1 Cor. xi. 24.

1. **T**HE very Night when th' Son of GOD
By Judas was betray'd,
He took the Bread, and giving Thanks,
The same his Body made.

2. The Cup he took and also blest,
Tokens. Both * Symbols of his Death;

Materials

Materials of a solemn Feast,
Made for his Church on Earth,

3. A Feast for a Memorial,
A † Monument inscrib'd,
To tell the Hist'ry of his Grace,
Both how he liv'd and dy'd.
4. Thus *Jordan's* Stones, the blossom'd *Rod*,
And *Manna-Pot*, record
Wonders of *Israel's* LORD: this shews
Those of th' incarnate GOD.
5. Do this, he says, my Followers,
That keep in Mind ye may,
My Cross, my bloody Sweat, when I
Prostrate i'th' Garden lay.
6. Remember me; a just demand!
Should we forget such Love:
To think no more thou might'st us doom,
No more to act or move.

7. LORD

† It has been a Custom of great Antiquity, both in the World and in the Church, to have standing Memorials of eminent Benefits and Benefactors. Monumental Pillars, with proper Inscriptions, have been used in all Places and Ages. To this purpose served the 12 Stones at *Gilgal*, *Joshua* iv. 7. 20, 21, 22. The Pot of *Manna*, and *Aron's* blossoming *Rod*, laid up in the Tabernacle: Nor was any thing more common than Festival Commemorations of great Favours, and Deliverances. Thus the saving the Capitol, by means of the *Geese*, was commemorated in an annual Feast among the *Romans*; The Deliverance out of *Egypt*, and from *Haman's* Plot, were commemorated by the great Anniversary Festivals, of the *Passover* and *Purim* among the *Jews*; to say nothing of the Festivals kept in Memory of Benefactors; as the *Alaieia* among the *Greeks*, in honour of *Alcibiades*; the Feasts celebrated, by several Sects of Philosophers, in Memory of their Founders, &c. Of this Nature is the LORD'S Supper, and serving for the same purpose. 'Tis a sort of a Monumental History of the great Things our Redeemer has done for us; an Eucharistical Feast in Honour of him.

7. LORD may the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
Our best Affections raise:
May ev'ry Tongue, and ev'ry Heart
Join in thy highest Praise.

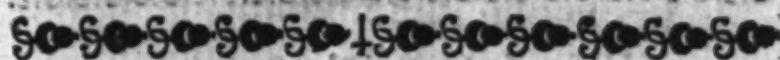
VII. LORD's Supper. Long Metre.

In Remembrance of me, 1 Cor. xi. 24.

1. **C**OME now, my Soul, come and review
The Wonders of redeeming Grace:
Thro' all his *Scenes of Grief and Woe,
Thy dearest Lord, and Saviour trace.
2. View him prostrate in *Gethsemane*;
When sorrowful, amaz'd he was;
When Tears, and earnest Crys besought,
The Cup, if possible, might pass.
3. Here Blood was forc'd thro' ev'ry Pore;
A Grief mysterious within:
Thus agoniz'd, when in our Place
He stood, and bore the weight of Sin.
4. Sharp conflict this! yet Love prevails;
He chearful yields himself to dye:
Judas betrays; *Pilot* condemns;
The raging Mob cry crucifie.
5. To *Calvary* he's led away,
Constrain'd his heavy Cross to bear;
And after rude Insults, and Taunts,
Expires in lingring Torments there.
6. Remember me! O, yes, my LORD,
With Wonder, Joy, and Songs of Praise:

Thy

Thy Cross, thy Love shall fill each thought,
Devout and Holy Transports raise.



VII. *Common Metre.*

1. **C**OME now, my Soul, come and review
Redeeming Love and Grace;
Thro' all his * Scenes of Grief and Woe,
Thy dearest Saviour trace.

* Various
States and
Parts.

2. View him i'th' Garden, when amaz'd
And sorrowful he was;
When Tears, and earnest Crys besought
The bitter Cup might pass.

3. Here Blood was forc'd thro' ev'ry Pore;
Mysterious grief within:
Thus agoniz'd, when in our place
He stood, and bore our Sin.

4. Sharp conflict this! yet Love prevails;
He yields himself to dye:
Judas betray's; Pilot condemn's;
The Mob cry crucifie.

5. To *Calvary* he's led away,
Constrain'd his Cross to bear;
And after rude Insults, expires
In lingring Torments there.

6. Remember me; O! yes, my LORD,
With Wonder, Joy, and Praise:
Thy Cross, thy Love shall fill each thought,
And Holy Transports raise.

VIII. *LORD's*

VIII. *L O R D's Supper.*

Shew forth my death. 1. Cor. xi. 26.

1. **O**nce happy Man in Paradise ;
But Sin defil'd the place :
He lost his Garden and his G O D,
And ruin'd all his race.

2. So sprung the Plague from *Adam's* guilt,
And spread Destruction round :
Apostates we, as such condemn'd ;
But G O D a ransom found.

3. Compassion boundless toucht the Heart
Of the eternal Son ;
Leaving the Glories of his Throne,
Our Nature he put on.

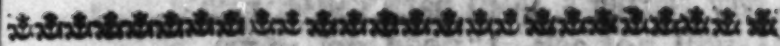
4. A Man of Sorrows he became ;
Contempt and scorn he bore :
* Sacrifice And dy'd a * Victim on the Cross,
Lost Sinners to restore.

5. Let blinded Jews, and scornful Greeks
My Saviour's Cross prophane ;
† Deride my hopes in one that dy'd ;
I'll triumph in his Name.

6. Now

† Christ crucifi'd was to the *Jews* a stumbling Block, and to the *Greeks* foolishness, 1 Cor. i. 23. Both the one and the other derided the Christians Faith and Hope in a crucifi'd Saviour ; whom by way of contempt, some of them called an *hang'd Man* (*talui suspensum.*) The wise Men of the World insult over us, says St. *Austin*, and ask where is your Understanding, who worship him for a God who was crucifi'd,

6. Now to the Lamb that once was slain;
A new Song let us raise;
Hearts better tun'd i'th' Quire above,
Will better sing his Praise.



IX. LORD's Supper. Long Metre.

The new Testament in my Blood. 1 Cor. xi. 25.

1. **L**O! here a Testament that's new;
Confirm'd and seal'd by Blood divine:
To this I humbly set my Name,
And call the glorious Blessings mine.
2. My GOD, I'll say, my Strength and Shield,
My Refuge, Buckler, Rock and Fort,
Horn of Salvation, whom I trust,
My GOD, my Life, my all thou art.
3. *Jesus* is mine; hail Blessed Name!
My Prophet, Priest, my LORD and King:
His Blood, his Scepter and his Grace
Compleat, and sure Salvation bring.
4. The Spirit is mine, with all the Gifts
And all the Graces he bestows;
Faith, hope and love, peace, joy divine;
A Well of Life that ever flows.
5. Thy Word, thy Providences all;
Thy faithful Discipline and Rod;
Things present, Things to come are mine,
Whilst I, believing, say my GOD.
6. Lord, this I claim, thro' thy rich Grace;
Thy Promises are firm and good:

B

The

The Covenant all this convey's,
Seal'd with my Saviour's precious Blood.

7. Return unto thy rest, my Soul,
Of Blessing here's eternal store:
My Father's Will hath me enrich'd,
I will not ask, I need no more.



IX. *Common Metre.*

1. **L**O! here a Testament that's new;
Confirm'd by Blood divine:
To this I humbly set my Name,
and call the Blessings mine.
2. My GOD, I'll say, my Strength, my Shield;
My Buckler, Rock and Fort,
Horn of Salvation, whom I trust
My GOD, my all thou art.
3. *Jesus* is mine; hail Blessed Name!
My Prophet, Priest, and King:
His Blood, his Scepter and his Grace,
Compleat Salvation bring.
4. The Spirit is mine, with all the Gifts
and Graces he bestows;
Faith, hope and love, peace, joy; a Well
Of Life, that ever flows.
5. Thy Word, thy Providences all,
Thy Discipline and Rod,
Things present, Things to come, are mine,
Whilst I can say my GOD.
6. LORD, this I claim, thro' thy rich Grace;
Thy promise will stand good: The

7. Return unto thy rest, my Soul,
Of Blessings here is Store :
My Father's Will hath made me rich,
I ask, I need no more.



*The Blood of the new Testament shed for the
Remission of Sins. Mat. xxvi. 28.*

1. **I**N ancient Times, when Sacrifice,
the stain and guilt of Sin confess'd,
Each Worshipper his Off'ring brought :
On the remainder then did feast.
2. The Altar the Atonement made :
The sacred Feast that thence ensu'd,
A reconciled State proclaim'd,
And Covenant of Peace renew'd.
3. Thus Christ, a Victim on the Cross
Did for our crying Sins atone ;
And here we sit in Peace with G O D,
Our guilt, our fears, remov'd and gone.
4. Thy Blood was shed ('tis thy own Word)
For the remission of our Sin ;
This Cup thou call'st thy Testament,
I can a pardon read therein.
5. Now boldly to thy Throne I come ;
The Throne of a propitious G O D :
Christ is my Sacrifice of Peace,
I'm heal'd and sprinkled with his Blood.

6. The

6. I'll humbly boast my self thy Friend;
 Sure Pledge of dearest Friendship this:
 Pronounce me Friend, and 'tis enough;
 But ratify it with thy Kiss.

(7. Bless'd be the Father and the Son,
 The Authors of our Life and Peace:
 We'll now begin thy praise on Earth;
 In Heaven above we'll never cease.)



X. Common Metre.

1. **I**n ancient Times, when Sacrifice
 the guilt of Sin confess'd,
 Each Worshipper his Off'ring brought,
 And then thereon did Feast.

2. The Altar the Atonement made;
 The Feast that thence enlu'd,
 A reconciled State proclaim'd,
 A League of † Peace renew'd.

3. Thus

† This refers to an ancient Custom among the *Jews* and *Pagans*, of feasting upon their Sacrifices; having offer'd Part at the Altar, by which they supposed GOD was become propitious and reconcil'd; they feasted upon another Part, in token of Peace and Friendship with him: From whence some account for the Name of one Sort of their Sacrifices, their *Shelamim*, or Peace-Offerings: We have several Footsteps, both in Scripture, and other Writings, of these Feasts upon the remainder of Sacrifices, as *Exod. xviii. 12. Chap. xxxii. 6. Chap. xxxiv. 15.* And in the constant Celebration of the pascal Feast, in which there was a Sacrifice at GOD's Altar, and a religious Feast at their own Tables: When the Atonement was made by their Sacrifices, and Friendship restor'd, they feasted in Token thereof; took the Cup of Salvation, and rejoyced before the LORD. The Sacrament of the Lord's-Supper may be reckon'd, as of the same Nature, a *sacrisfical Banquet*, or Feast upon a Sacrifice. The Blood was

3. Thus Christ, a Victim on the Cross,
Did for our Sins atone;
And here we sit in peace with GOD;
Our guilt and fears are gone.
4. Thy Blood was shed ('tis thy own Word)
For th' pardon of our Sin:
This Cup thou call'st thy Testament,
Pardon I read therein.
5. Now boldly to thy Throne I come,
Throne of a smiling GOD:
Christ is my Sacrifice of Peace,
I'm sprinkled with his Blood.
6. I'll humbly boast my self thy Friend;
Sure Pledge of Friendship this:
Pronounce me Friend, and 'tis enough,
But seal it with thy Kiss.
7. Blest be the Father and the Son,
The Authors of our Peace:
We'll now begin thy praise on Earth
In Heaven we'll never cease.

XI. LORD's

was shed upon the Cross for the Remission of Sin, *Eph. v. 2.* And here we receive the Atonement, eat and drink in favour with GOD, and in token thereof: And as in the *Jewish Church*, they that ate of the Sacrifice, were partakers of the Altar, *1 Cor. x. 18.* So by eating and drinking at his Table, we partake of the Benefits of Christ's Sacrifice, and have the new Covenant, particularly the great Article, the Remission of Sin, seal'd and confirmed to us.

XI. LORD's Supper. Long Metre.

Remission of Sin only by the Blood of Christ.
 Heb. x. 4.

1. **N**OT all the Blood of Bulls and Goats,
 On ancient Jewish Altars slain,
 Could give the guilty Conscience peace;
 Or wash away its Blots and Stain;
2. But Christ, the spotless Lamb of GOD,
 Takes all our Guilt, and Sin away:
 A Sacrifice of greater Worth,
 And richer Blood, by far, than they.
3. Help me, my GOD, to lay my Hand
 Upon the glorious † Victims Head;
 By Faith to plead th' atoning Blood,
 That on the Cross for me was shed.
4. Guilty I stand, but penitent;
 Each lofty sinful thought subdued:
 The guilt and stain of Sin remove,
 And by thy Grace my Soul renew.
5. For this I'll plead thy Sacrifice;
 Till quite from all my Sins I'm freed;
 Till plac'd among the perfect Saints,
 I shall no more a pardon need.

6. For

† It was a practice under the Law, in some of their Sacrifices, for the Offerer, or his Representative, to lay his Hand on the Head of the Sacrifice, and confess Sin over it; thereby signifying the transferring of Sin upon the Victim, and his Expectation of Forgiveness by the Death of the Sacrifice, to which this Alludes.

6. For this on thee, my GOD, I wait;
When thou the blessed Work hast done;
Hosannas, in the Highest, will
Thy Power, and Grace for ever Crown.

XI. Common Metre.

1. **N**OT all the Blood of Bulls and Goats,
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience peace,
Or wash away the Stain.
2. But Christ, the spotless Lamb of GOD,
Takes all our Sin away:
A Sacrifice of greater Worth,
And richer Blood than they.
3. Help me, my GOD, to lay my Hand
Upon the Victims Head;
By Faith to plead th' atoning Blood,
That on the Cross was shed.
4. Guilty I stand, but penitent;
Each sinful thought subdue:
The guilt and stain of Sin remove,
My Soul heal and renew.
5. For this I'll plead thy Sacrifice,
Till quite from Sin I'm freed;
Till plac'd among the perfect Saints,
I no more Pardon need.
6. For this on thee, my GOD, I wait;
When the great Work is done,
Hosannas high for ever will,
My kind Redeemer Crown.

XII. LORD's

XII. LORD's Supper.

Sacrament a Federal Rite. 1 Cor. x. 21.

1. **W**HEN at thy Table, LORD, I sit,
And eat and drink with thee;
My GOD and King I thee avouch,
And seal my loyalty.

Gen. 26. 2. Thus Festivals, in former Times,
28. 30. Restored friendship shew'd,
Gen. 31. 'Twixt Men and Men, 'twixt GOD and Man,
44. Cov'nants of Peace renew'd.
Joshua 9.

14, 15. 3. Each Party stood in solemn Bonds,
Numb. 25. The sacred League t' observe;
2, 3. Perfidious, and accursed he,
That from it dar'd to swerve.

4. Thy Articles, LORD, I approve;
Sign them with Heart and Hand;
Devoted to thy fear I am,
And to thy Cov'nant stand.

5. All other LORD's I now renounce,
And break my League with Hell,
I wait thy word, dispose command,
I'll not dispute thy Will.

6. Enthrone thy self, LORD, in my Heart;
Possess each Faculty,
All that I have, can do, or am
Is sacred now to thee.

7. Accept a self resigning Soul;
Accept what is thy own:

The

The solemn Vows I here repeat,
Lord, help me to perform.

~~FROM THE END OF THE FIRST PART TO THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND~~

XII. LORD's Supper. Long Metre.

The Communion of Saints. 1 Cor. 10. 17.

1. **T**HE Feast that here we celebrate,
We fitly call a Feast of Love:
The sacred Symbols Friendship show,
With Saints on Earth, and Peace above.
2. As many Grains, by Art compact,
Do constitute, and make one Bread,
So all the Saints one Body are,
In vital Union with their Head.
3. They're one in Faith, Hope, Love, and Joy,
All guided by one Sov'reign Spirit:
One GOD they have, one Covenant;
And all one Kingdom shall inherit.
4. The mystick *broken* Bread we eat,
Thereby partaking of the *whole*:
Thus many Saints are all one Bread;
All animated by one Soul.
5. Cease Anger, Clamour, Wrath, and Strife,
Envy and Malice ever cease,
These grieve the Spirit of Love, and these
Prophane the Emblems of our Peace.

Second P A R T.

6. **G**REAT honour, Lord, to sit among
Thy Saints; of whom I am the least:
B T thy

Thy Friends they are, I call them mine
Devoutly with them whilst I feast.

7. The reconciled Hand I reach,
The Kiss of Charity I give;
Past Injuries I'll quite forget,
In sacred Peace, and Friendship live.

8. Thy Saints! how excellent are they!
A glorious dear Community!
Should I not all the Body Love,
No Member I'd deserve to be.

9. O! may the Spirit, that breatheth Love,
Descend upon, and fill my Heart:
Decaying Love revive, confirm,
And a new Flame of Love impart.

10. Love is of GOD, and like him shall
Remain thro' all the State above:
Both Faith, and Hope, in Heaven cease;
But there the Saints for ever love.



XIII. *Common Metre.*

1. **F**Itly this Statute of our LORD,
We call a Feast of Love:
The sacred Symbols Friendship show
With Men, and Peace above.

2. As many Grains, by Art compact,
Do constitute one Bread:

1 Cor. x. 17. So all the Saints one Body make,
In Union with their Head.

3. They're one in Faith, Hope, Love, and Joy,
All guided by one Spirit:

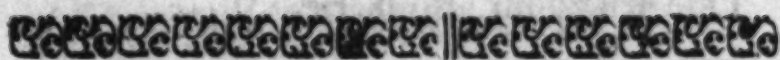
One

One GOD they have, one Covenant,
One Kingdom all inherit.

4. The mystick *broken* Bread we eat,
Was set before us *whole* :
Thus many Saints are all *one* Bread,
And should have all one Soul.
5. Cease Anger, Clamour, Wrath, and Strife;
Envy and Malice cease :
These grieve the Spirit of Love, prophane
The Emblems of our Peace.

Second P A R T.

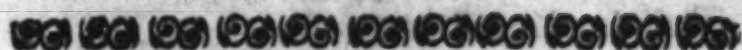
6. **G**REAT Honour, Lord, to sit among
Thy Saints, my self the least :
Thy Friends they are ; I call them mine,
When with them here I feast.
7. The reconciled Hand I reach ;
The Kifs of Love I give :
Past Injuries I'll quite forget,
in sacred Friendship live.
8. Thy Saints ! How excellent are they !
A dear Community !
Should I not all the Body love,
No Member could I be.
9. O may the Spirit, that breatheth Love
Descend upon my Heart :
Decaying Love, revive, confirm,
and a new Flame impart.
10. Love is of GOD, and like him shall
Reign thro' the State above :
Both Faith and Hope in Heaven cease,
But Saints for ever love.



XIV. LORD's Supper.

The Spirit Communicated.

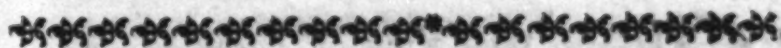
1. **C**Hristians, in ancient mystick Forms,
Pray'd for the Spirit divine:
That he, from Heaven, might descend
Upon the Bread and Wine.
2. Vain Superstition this! yet LORD
Our Souls, fit Subjects are:
They can receive and entertain
That Guest, O send him there!
3. That we his Temple may become,
Replenish'd with his Grace;
Strengthen'd with might i'th' inward Man,
to run the Christian Race.
4. These Elements the Symbols are
Of Union with our Head;
Strengthen the Band: do thou on us
Thy holy Spirit shed.
5. Come blessed Dove, move on each Heart,
And fill it with thy Love:
With Light, with Life, and with thy Joys,
A Pledge of those above.
6. Enrich me LORD, with this best Gift,
* H. Spirit. That * *Shechinah* of thine:
'Twill be my Glory, and will make
My Soul, thy Temple shine.



XV. LORD's Supper.

Access with Boldness. Eph. ii. 16. 18.

1. **W**ITH boldness we may now approach
Unto the Throne above:
No fiery Cherub guards the Seat;
'Tis now a Throne of Love.
2. We are not come to *Sinai's* Mount,
To hear the Thunder roar:
We meet our Saviour in our Judge,
What could we wish for more?
3. While we around his Table sit,
Eat, O my Friends, he cry's:
And drink that Blood I offer'd up
For you a Sacrifice.
4. This has appeas'd Justice divine,
This gives us free access:
Makes GOD our Friend, and here affords
A taste of endless Bliss.
5. Come and adore the Love of GOD,
Wonders of Grace confess:
Atoning Blood has brought you nigh;
Your kind Redeemer bless.



XVI. LORD's Supper.

The worthy Communicant. 1 Cor. xi. 27.

1. **A** *Meetness*, LORD, thou dost require;
All merit I disclaim -

B 3

Grant

* Fit.

Grant me the Graces of thy Spirit,
These make a * congruous Frame.

2. *Knowledge* Christ's History reports,
Tells what these Symbols mean :
Faith ratifies, approves, applauds
The wise Redemption-Scheme.
3. *Repentance* views a Saviour pierc'd,
With broken bleeding Heart:
Love him adores, and weeping cry's,
My LORD, my GOD thou art.
4. The Breth'ren *Charity* cements,
And gives the Kifs of Peace:
Desire, and *hope* prefs forward to
The Joys that never cease.
5. *Delight* on Cov'nant blessings Feasts,
And calls them all its own:
Zeal fires the Soul; humbly resolves
Nothing shall take its Crown.
6. Adorn me with each Grace, then I
A welcome Guest shall be:
My Spickenard will its Odours give,
While here I feast with thee.

XVII. For a Funeral.

1. **O** Death, who King of Terrours art!
Where is thy poyson'd sting?
Thro' Christ the Saints the Vict'ry have,
And thankful Triumphs sing.
2. A Voice from Heaven proclaims them blest,
Who dead are in the LORD:

This

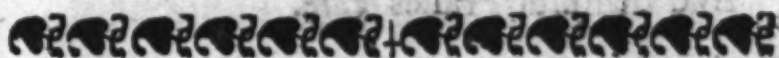
This to confirm, the * Paraclete.
His * suffrage doth afford.

* H. Spirit.
* Consen-
ting Voice

3. Tho' Worms my Flesh, and Skin devour,
And Bones are turn'd to dust:
My GOD will cast my Frame anew,
When he shall raise the Just.

4. I know that my Redeemer lives:
With Glory and Surprise
He will appear, whom I shall see
With strong immortal Eyes.

5. O Tyrant, now I yield to thee;
But at the Trumpets call,
Thou'rt swallow'd up in Victory,
I'll stand, and thou shalt fall.



XVIII. *For New Year's-Day.* Long Metre.

1. **T**O the great LORD of all our time;
In whom we move, subsist, and live;
We now our chearful Homage pay,
And thankful Adorations give.

2. Another Year of Life is past;
Few and uncertain what remain:
Our Life's a Vapour; may expire
Before the Year renews again.

3. To talk of many Years is vain;
The boast and Language of a Fool:
To Morrow none can call his own,
This Night GOD may require the Soul.

B 4

4. Teach

4. Teach me my Days to number right;
And all my Time well to employ;
Divide each Day for proper Work,
And live for an Eternity.

5. Pardon my GOD all past Neglects;
Add to my Days another Year;
And by thy Grace I will thee serve,
With greater Faithfulness and Care.



XVIII. *Common Metre.*

1. **T**O the great Lord of all our Time,
In whom we move and live;
We'll now our chearful Homage pay,
And thankful Praises give.

2. Another Year of Life is past;
Uncertain few remain:
Life's Vapour may expire, before
The Year renews again.

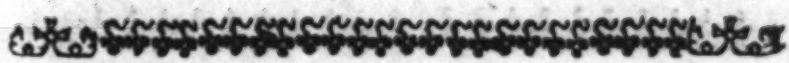
3. To talk of *many* Years is vain;
The Language of a Fool:
To Morrow's not our own; GOD may
This Night require the Soul.

4. Teach me my Days to number right;
My Time well to employ;
† Divide each Day for proper Work;
Live for Eternity.

4 Par-

† This refers to the Practice of a good Man that us'd to divide the 24 Hours of each Day, into three equal Parts, allowing 8 Hours for Sleep, Meals, &c. 8 Hours for the Work of his particular calling, and 8 Hours for religious Exercises, Reading, Meditation, Prayer, &c.

4. Pardon, my GOD, all past Neglects;
Spare me another Year:
And by thy Grace I will thee serve,
With greater Zeal and Care.



XIX. New Year's Day.

1. **A**S they of old proclaim'd the Year,
With Trumpet sounding high,
On the first Moon; and thereby † call'd
Sinners their Ways to try.
2. So we, tho' with less outward Pomp,
Are summon'd to review
The lapsed Year, and Measures fix
To regulate the New.
3. Thy Goodness, Lord, crown'd the last Year;
My Shield and Guide thou'lt been:
Thy Mercy spar'd, supply'd, and sav'd,
And fill'd up every * Scene.
4. But ah! what have I done for GOD!
How much of Life is wast!
How little Fruit! what Cause to say,
Another Year is lost!
5. Accept my Praise for Favours past;
What's Good I reckon thine:
Forgive Defects; what Faulty is
I justly reckon mine.

* Stated.

B 5

6. May

† The new Year among the Jews was proclaim'd by sounding the Cornet, Lev. xxii. 24. Which Maimonides says had a mystical Signification; as if it had been said, Awake ye Sleepers, make inquiry into your Works, look to your Souls, and amend your Ways and your Actions, and turn unto GOD by Repentance.

6. May every future Year and Day,
Be sacred to the LORD:
In all remaining Life and Work
Thy Presence still afford.

XX. For an Ordination.

Ephes. iv. 8, 11.

1. **W**hen Christ in Triumph went on high;
He did his Gifts bestow
As marks of Royal Bounty to
His Subjects here below.
2. Apostles, and Evangelists,
With Prophets he appoints:
High Officers, unerring Guides;
The Spirit them anoints.
3. Uncommon Pow'rs on them confer'd,
Made Truth with lustre shine;
Amaz'd the World, proclaim'd the G O D;
The Gospel prov'd divine.
4. Pastours and Teachers then he gave;
Whose Office does abide:
Inspired Writings they unfold,
And in the Church preside.
5. Bless faithful Lab'ours, Lord, and more
Into thy Vineyard send:
Be with them always, as thou'st said,
Until the World shall end.
6. When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
At the great Judgment Day;
They

They shall a Crown of Life receive,
That fadeth not away.

XXI. *For the Fifth of November.*
Long Metre.

1. **T**O the great Guardian of our Land,
We'll now our chearful Homage pay;
The Wonders of his Pow'r and Grace
With joyful Tongues and Hearts display.

2. Engines of Death in Caverns lay
Conceal'd; waiting a sad surprize:
Then Eyes of Fire the Darkness pierc'd;
Rescu'd the bleeding Sacrifice.

3. A furious Zeal, from Rome and Hell
Inspir'd, resolves new Plots to try.
A dismal horrid Scene! we saw
Britain in Ruin delug'd lie.

4. Religion, Civil Rights are sold;
All Hearts with fear and anguish bleed:
The Sov'reign's Will becomes our Law,
The Church's Will stands for our Creed.

5. Then GOD appear'd with speed to help;
On winged Cherub coming down:
The Hero's sent; Imposture flees;
Justice and Mercy fill the Throne.

6. May thankful *Britons* to thy Name
Devout, and loud Hosanna's raise.
Adore the Hand that has them sav'd;
Constantly speak and live thy Praise.

XXI. Com.

XXI. *Common Metre.*

1. **T**O the great Guardian of our Land
We'll now our Homage pay;
The Wonders of his Pow'r and Grace,
With joyful Hearts display.
2. Engines of Death concealed lay,
Waiting a sad surprize;
Then Eyes of Fire the Darknes pierc'd,
Rescu'd the Sacrifice.
3. A Zeal from *Rome* and Hell inspir'd,
Resolves new Plots to try.
Black horrid Scene! *Britain* we saw
Delug'd in Ruin lie.
4. Religion, Civil Rights are sold;
All Hearts with anguish bleed:
The Sov'reign's Will becomes our Law;
The Church's Will our Creed.
5. Then GOD appear'd, with speed to help,
On Cherub coming down:
The Hero's sent; Imposture flees,
And Justice fills the Throne.
6. May thanful *Britons* to thy Name
Devout Hosanna's raise.
Adore the Hand that has them sav'd;
And speak and live thy Praise.

The

The following HYMNS are a Collection from others. I have set the Author's Name to each *Hymn*; Some Alterations are made in most of them in the Metre, Rhime, &c. not with any pretence of mending the Poetry, but the better to accommodate and fit them for my Design: When I have added intire Lines, or Verses, I have generally distinguished them by inverted Comma's.

XXII. *For the Fifth of November.*

Mr. *Brown* (alter'd.)

Psal. 124. *Long Metre.*

1. **H**AD not the Lord, may *Britain* say;
Had not the Lord appear'd that Day;
When Hell and *Rome* their Forces joyn'd,
To ruin Church and State combin'd.

2. Had not the LORD been our Defence,
Repell'd and check'd their Insolence;
They'd glutted their Revenge and Spite,
Had ruin'd and destrôy'd us quite.

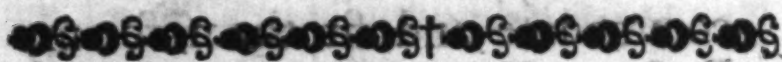
3. But GOD did then espouse our Cause,
Snatcht us from their devouring Jaws;

He

He quell'd their Fury and their Pride;
And made the Waves at once subside.

4. Just as the Bird escapes the Snare,
Breaks thro' the Net, and mounts the Air,
So we escap'd the Blast and Stroke;
Their Hosts were scatter'd, Snares were broke.

5. We'll humbly still on him depend;
Ready to help and to defend:
He built the World, supports the same,
GOD of Salvation is his Name.



XXIII. LORD'S Day.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **T**Hrice happy Saints who dwell above,
In GOD's immediate sight;
With everlasting Love they glow,
And shine divinely bright.

2. In endless Songs and Extasies,
They one long Sabbath keep:
"Pleas'd and triumphant in their Work,
"They never pause nor sleep.

3. Often returns the Day of GOD,
And sheds its quick'ning Beams:
And yet how slow Devotion burns,
How languid are its Flames!

4. Heav'n is the proper World of Praise;
Why must I still keep thence?
Why, oh my Soul! so loth to rise,
And to be gone from hence?

5. There

5. There I shall breath in purer Air;
With heav'nly Lustre shine;
There I in high seraphick Strains,
With Angels shall combine.

6. There I shall never tire nor rest;
But sound immortal Lays;
Keep Consort with the heav'nly Choir,
And live and breath in Praise.

7. Increase, O Lord, my Faith and Hope;
And fit me to ascend;
Where the Assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er will end.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXIV. LORD'S Day.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

* **H**ail, glorious Day, when from the dead *Welcome
My blest Redeemer rose;
Bruis'd the old Serpent on his Head,
And vanquish'd all his Foes.

2. Hail, holy Time of GOD design'd
This Triumph to record;
To raise and to enlarge my Mind,
And magnifie my LORD.

3. GOD's Temple-Gate now open stands;
His Presence there he grants:
There I'll attend; wait his Commands,
And worship with his Saints.

4. His kindly Influence, on my Heart
The heav'nly Dove will pour;
He'll

He'll Light, and Life, and Joy impart,
And teach my Mind to soar.

5. He'll kindle up an heavenly Fire,
And make Devotion glow :
Teach my Affections to aspire,
And scorn the Things below.

6. Sure Earnest this of heavenly Joy :
'Tis Glory in the Bud :
Here's a rich Feast, that ne'er will cloy ;
'Tis all celestial Food.

7. Delicious Day ! but quickly done :
Soon are thy Pleasures o'er :
When will that Sabbath be begun,
Which never endeth more ?



XXV. LORD's Day.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **H**OW pleasant, Lord, the place which
(thou,
Hast chose for thy abode ?
With fervent Zeal my longing-Soul
Doth thirst for thee, O GOD.

2. My most delightful Hours on Earth,
Are in thy Service spent ;
Of all the Joys I taste below,
These give the most content.

3. 'Tis Death to live estrang'd from thee,
The source of Life and Bliss :

" I'd rather chuse Being to lose,

" Than such a Doom as this.

4. One

4. One friendly look, one gracious Word;
A Smile from thee, my GOD;
Is more than all the World to me;
More Pleasure 'twill afford.
5. If present Work thus eternain,
What Joys will Heaven yield!
When in thy Light, I Light shall see,
With Light and Love be fill'd.
6. Hast Chariot Wheels; my GOD, I wait;
Wait the expected Hour:
When I shall see thee Face to Face,
And from thee part no more?



XXVI. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **L**ook back my Soul, with due regard;
Look back upon the Feast:
The strange Provisions here prepar'd,
Thy self as strange a Guest.
2. Hast thou not here thy Saviour view'd;
Nail'd to th' accursed Tree?
In dying Pangs with Blood imbru'd,
And suff'ring all for thee?
3. Whilst spiteful *Jews* his Cross deride,
And stand insulting round:
A purple Flood streams from his Side,
And stains the blushing Ground.
4. Nature can scarce the Shock sustain;
The Sun withdraws his Light:

The

The trembling Earth, Rocks rent in twain
Confess the general fright.

5. 'Twas awful Justice, that requir'd
A Sacrifice so dear:
How great the Love, in Heav'n admir'd,
That did the same prepare?

6. What Streams of Glory, all Divine,
Here mingle and unite?
Justice and Mercy here combine;
May these thy Love excite!

* Scate. 7. View, O my Soul, this * Scene of Grief:
Behold, wonder, adore:
For all past guilt hence fetch relief;
But willful Sin no more.



XXVII. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **H**osanna to King David's Son,
And to King David's Lord:
May he be prais'd by every one;
By every one ador'd.

2. We wou'd with holy Transport cry,
Hosanna to the CHRIST:
Oh! may the Triumph reach the Sky;
Hosanna in the High't.

3. Blest he, who comes to take away
The Guilt and Pow'r of Sin:
Welcome to ev'ry Heart to Day;
'Tis thine, LORD, enter in.

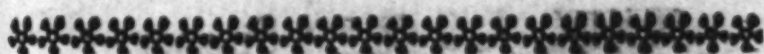
4. Thou

4. Thou wast a spotless * Victim made; * Sacrifice.
 T'appease the Wrath divine:
 To purge our Guilt thy Blood was shed;
 Thus purchas'd we are thine.

5. " O come, my Soul, thy Pow'rs awake:
 " The wond'rous Scene review:
 " With grief, faith, hope, and love partake,
 " And all thy Bonds renew.

6. But ah! how dull Affections move!
 How weak is every Grace!
 Devotion's Flat; languid my Love;
 How little skill'd in Praise?

7. Hast blessed Day, when I shall shine,
 With all my Glories on:
 And in their Halleluja's join,
 Who wait about the Throne.



XXVIII. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **L**ORD! at thy Table we sit down,
 Polluted, guilty, vile:
 Most justly might we fear thy Frown;
 Yet have enjoy'd thy Smile.

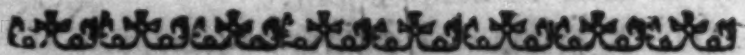
2. Here we behold the Saviour slain;
 The very Lamb of GOD:
 From Side and Heart, and ev'ry Vein,
 There flow's atoning Blood.

3. Who GOD's Elect with Crimes shall charge,
 Whom he hath justify'd?

Or

Or those condemn, whom to enlarge,
Their great Redeemer dy'd?

4. " He dy'd, yea rose and took his Place,
" Enthron'd at GOD's right Hand,
" T' appear for us; Blessings of Grace
" To ask, and to command.
5. " By Faith our Advocate we see,
" He doth our Peace maintain:
By Faith we hear him plead with thee,
Who cannot plead in vain.
6. Tho' therefore, Lord, we here sit down
Polluted, guilty, vile:
For J E S U S sake thou dost not frown,
But meet'st us with a Smile.



XXIX. L O R D's Supper.

Mr. Brown. Long Metre.

1. **L** O R D, what a Spectacle is here;
To move my Grief, to move my Fear!
My dear Redeemer here I see,
Pierc'd thro' the Heart, nail'd to the Tree!
2. All Nature sickned when 'twas done:
A fainting Horror seiz'd the Sun;
Sunk in a Swoon, three Hours he lay,
And from the Sight withdrew the Day.
3. The Earth convuls'd, with Terror stood;
And blush'd to see her Maker's Blood:
Ev'n stubborn Stones did then relent,
And Rocks with Pangs of Grief were rent.

4. The

" With horror view ! shall flinty Rocks;
 " Sooner relent than I !

Second P A R T.

5. **M**Y Sin ! lo there the Murd'rer stands:
 Stain'd with my Saviour's Blood !
 This pierc'd his Hands, his Feet, and Heart,
 And fixt him to the Wood.

6. This first the Innocent betray'd ;
 Then seiz'd, and bound, and try'd :
 'Twas this the furious Clamour made,
 To have him crucify'd.

7. With spittle this prophan'd his Face,
 And crown'd his Head with Thorn :
 Put on, in Sport, a Royal dress,
 And hail'd him King in scorn.

8. O curst Sin ! I'll be thy Death ;
 The Traitor I'll not bear :
 What shall I see my Saviour bleed,
 And yet th' Assassin spare !

XXX. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.) Eph. i. 3.

1. **B**less'd be the Father of our LORD ;
 The GOD that reigns on high :
 Who grants to us, of heav'nly Things
 Thro' CHRIST a rich supply.

2. Pursuant to his purposes,
 E're Time began its Race :

That

That we an holy Seed should be;
And blameless, thro' his Grace.

3. Us he appointed, and design'd
Adopted Sons to make :

According to his Sov'reign Will,
And all for JESUS sake.

4. This shews the Lustre of his Grace;
Shall to his Praise redound :

Thro' the beloved Son of GOD,
We have acceptance found.

5. *In him* Redemption we obtain,
The Pardon of our Sin :

Grace is the Fountain, whence all flows ;
But all's convey'd *thro' him*.

6. *Thro' him* we Heirs of Heav'n are made,
And by his Spirit seal'd :

Pledge of the Life that ne'er shall fail ;
Of Glory's not reveal'd.

7. Then let's with thankful Hearts proclaim,
This rich and sov'reign Love :

And now begin our Saviour's Praise ;
'Twill be our Work above.



XXXI. *For a Funeral.*

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. 'TIS but a short uncertain Space,
Allow'd us here to live :
Death unperceiv'd comes on apace,
And may no warning give.

2. Nor

2. Nor Great nor Small, nor Old nor Young,
His fatal Dart can fly :
The Rich, the Poor, the Weak, the Strong,
Without distinction die.
3. Each Day we live may be our last ;
G O D may determine so :
E'er the next Minute shall be past,
We our last Breath may draw.
4. And shall we trifle and delay,
And still keep sinning on ?
Neglect our Souls from Day to Day,
'Till Life and Time are gone ?
5. To Day, whilst yet 'tis call'd to Day,
Let's hearken to his Voice :
Sin mortifie, and put away,
And to a new Life rise.



XXXII. *For a Funeral.*

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. 'T'Is thy Appointment, O my G O D !
I own the Sentence just ;
That sinful Man resign his Breath,
And turn again to Dust.
2. And after Death the Judgment comes ;
Our Spirits haste away,
To Pains that never will be past,
Or Joys that ne'er decay.
3. Such is the Change that Death doth make ;
Awful the Scene indeed !

We

We dye but once; the stroke of Death
Eternal Things succeed.

4. " Help me to look beyond the Grave;
" The one Thing needful mind:
" So act my Part, that at the last
" I Life in Death may find.

5. LORD, by thy Grace fit me to dye;
Then come the joyful Day:
Attend ye Angels from above,
And bear my Soul away.



XXXIII. *For a Funeral.*

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **D**Eath! 'tis to them a dismal Day,
Who live estrang'd from GOD!
Reluctant they are snatcht away,
And forc'd to change abode.

2. Into the Grave the Body's thrown,
Whilst the surviving Mind
Defenceless roves to Worlds unknown
And leaves its Bliss behind.

3. All the lov'd Glory, Pomp, and State,
And Treasures here on Earth;
All the proud Pleasures of the Great,
And Scenes of meaner Mirth.

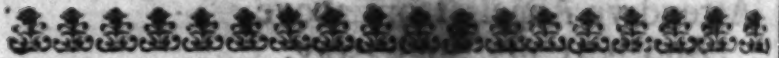
4. To all these fond Delights they must
For ever bid farewell:
And whilst their Flesh converts to Dust,
Their Spirits plunge in Hell!

C.

5. Where

5. Where Darkness, Horror, Vengeance reign,
And where the Worm ne'er dies;
But in perpetual Woe and Pain,
Each Ghost despairing lies.

6. "Amazing horrid Death! may I
"The Death of th' Righteous have;
"And as I chuse with them to die,
"I'll chuse with them to live.



XXXIV. *For a Funeral.*

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

ER'E long the awful Day will come;
When JESUS shall appear;
And from his Mouth, their final Doom,
Both Good and Bad shall hear.

2. He'll come in all his Glories drest;
And take the Judgment Seat;
Whilst round him Myriads of the Blest,
At humble distance wait.

3. Th' Archangel shall the Trumpet sound;
The Quick and Dead shall hear:
The Voice will reach the World around,
All Summons to his Bar.

4. But ah! what Horror then will seize,
And fill each Sinners Heart!
When he shall hear such Words as these,
"Ye curs'd from me depart.

5. But Saints triumphant lift their Eyes,
And see their Saviour Bless;

Come

reign,
Come ye, belov'd, aloud he cries,
Your Kingdom now possess.

6. Come now, and with your Saviour reign;
And in his Glory share:

This said, they Rise and join his Train,
Ascending in the Air.

7. And thence in Pomp the Judge attend,
Up to the World of Praise:

And in celestial Strains commend,
His Justice and his Grace.

XXXV. For a Funeral.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

H E A V E N.

1. **H**Heaven! the Sound delights the Ear;
And ravishes the Heart;
Oh! may I dwell for ever there,
Have in its Joys my Part!

2. High seated on majestick Throne,
Th' eternal GOD appears;
Puts all his smiling Glories on,
And aw's at once and chear's.

3. The Lamb (once slain!) at his right Hand,
Assumes his royal Seat:
Before him all the heav'nly Band,
With pleasing Transports wait.

4. Angels, Archangels, Seraphim,
Bless'd Natives of the Place;
And Men, whom JESUS did redeem,
Made Denizons by Grace.

5. Each

5. Each Person flows divinely Bright,
And GOD's pure Image bears;
Each Face an Air of high Delight,
And humble Rev'rence wears.

6. In strains celestial ev'ry Tongue
Do's GOD's due Praise proclaim,
And all in Consort sing the Song,
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

7. The Hallelujah once begun,
No Pause nor Close will know;
But Joy and Harmony, in one
Perpetual Transport flow.

8. To these high Strains their Minds are bent,
Their very Work is Rest:
"Admission here, LORD, speedy grant:
"When shall I thus be blest?

XXXVI. For a Funeral.

Mr. *Brown* (alter'd.)

H E L L.

1. **H**ell! dreadful Sound! the Region lies
Without the Verge of Light;
Where mingling Flames that constant rise,
Add horror to the Night.

2. In burning and immortal Woe,
The damned weltring lie:
Their Sorrows shall no Period know,
Their Worm will never dye.

3. A gnawing Guilt will cut the Heart,
With Horror, Grief, and Shame;
Whilst ev'ry Passion do's impart
A sad encrease of Pain.

4. Quite out of Reach, tho' still in Sight,
The heav'nly Glory lies:
They see't far off, and to'ards its Light,
Lift their despairing Eyes.

5. All former dear Delights are dead;
Each pleasing Scene withdrawn:
" The Mem'ry of what once they had
" Remains; the Enjoyment's gone!

Second PART.

6. Fierce Fiends insulting stand around,
To feed the furious Flames:
From ev'ry quarter Groans resound,
Shrieks and despairing Screams.

7. Distress'd and rageous, mad with Woe
They bite their heavy Chains:
But with their Rage their Torments grow,
For ever, are their Pains.

8. For ever! Who the Thought can bear!
Who can for ever dwell,
In Flames, in Anguish, and Despair,
In an eternal Hell!

9. In outer Darkness, scorching Heat;
That strange mysterious Fire;
Where Sinners feel the second Death,
Still dye, but can't expire.

10. " Help me to know thy Terrors, Lord;
" And now perswaded be;
" Repent, obey, believe thy Word;
" And future Wrath to flee.
11. Let me be pardon'd and approv'd
In thy beloved Son:
When GOD's appeas'd, and guilt remov'd,
The fear of Hell is gone.



XXXVII. *For the Morning.*

Mr. Brown.

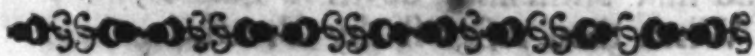
1. **T**HE Veil of Night is now withdrawn,
And Day salutes our Eyes;
Fatigu'd and spent we laid us down;
Refresh'd and hail we rise.
2. Safe guarded by th' Almighty Arm,
Securely we have slept;
Whilst he, who never Sleeps, from Harm
Our senseless Body's kept.
3. Our busy Thought, in languid Dream
Just liv'd or dy'd in Sleep;
Whilst ev'ry Sense, and ev'ry Limb
Lay bound in Slumbers deep.
4. But kindling Day reviv'd the Flame,
And rous'd our Sleeping Pow'rs;
Recov'ring Thought shook off the Dream,
And marks the passing Hours.
5. Tir'd Faculties awake repair'd;
Lost Vigour Life regains:

Thus

Thus we're for daily Work prepar'd,
And thus forget our Pains.

6. Come then let's early Thanks repay
To him who never Sleeps :
He shades the Night, he gilds the Day;
Our sleeping Dust he keeps.

7. Let's live to him whose quick'ning Voice
A dying Life prolongs;
As daily he renews our Joys,
Let us repeat our Songs.



XXXVIII. For Night.

Mr. Brown.

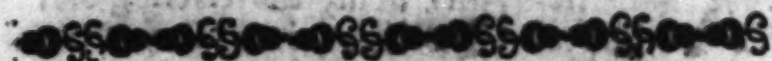
1. **A**ND now, my Soul, the circling Sun
Has all his Beams withdrawn:
Once more his daily Race is run,
And gloomy Night comes on.

2. Thus one Day more of Life is gone;
A doubtful few remain;
Come then review what thou hast done,
Eternal Life to gain.

3. Dost thou get forward in thy Race,
As Time still posts away?
And dye to Sin, and grow in Grace,
With ev'ry passing Day?

4. This Day, what Conquests hast thou gain'd?
What Lust is overcome?
What fresh degree of Grace obtain'd?
To bring thee nearer home.

5. Alas! this Life will soon be past:
 'Tis dying ev'ry Day:
 But do thy Hopes make equal hast,
 Or negligence betray?
6. Do they more strong, and lively grow?
 And make more pure from Sin?
 Give more Contempt of Things below,
 More Peace create within?
7. Oh! do not pass this Life in Dreams,
 To be surpriz'd by Death;
 And sink unthinking down to Flames,
 When thou resign'st thy Breath.
8. No every Day thy Course review;
 Thy real State to learn:
 And, with renewed Zeal pursue
 Thy great and chief Concern.



XXXIX. *For the Morning.*

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **C**OME now, my Soul, adore the Hand,
 That has renew'd the Light:
 Praise him, who gives his Hosts Command,
 To keep thee every Night.
2. When down I lay my weary Head;
 Wait for refreshing Sleep;
 With Pleasure they surround my Bed,
 And constant Guard do keep.
3. By thy Command they me attend,
 Thro' th' Dangers of the Day;

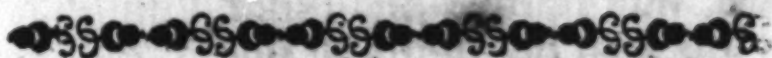
Stand

Stand always ready to defend
My Life, and guide my Way.

4. " I bless thee for such Ministry's
" Of thy kind Providence:
" On thee, not them, my Soul relies;
" For Conduct and Defence.

5. Thro' this Day's Duties, Dangers, Snares;
Be thou my constant Guide.
In all my Mirth, in all my Cares
May I not turn aside.

6. I will not trust my own false Heart;
All Creature-help is vain:
Mercy in Season, LORD impart;
May I thy Grace obtain?



XL. *For the Evening.* Long Metre.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **A** Ccept, my GOD, my Evening Song;
Like Incense let it fragrant rise:
Stir up mine Heart, and tune my Tongue,
And let the Musick reach the Skies.

2. Thou hast my kind Protector been,
Thro' all the Dangers of the Day:
My Guardian to defend from Sin;
My Guide to chuse me out my Way.

3. Unceasing, LORD, thy Bounty flow'd:
Each Moment brought me in fresh Aid:
But, what returns of Love to GOD,
Have I for all his Kindness made?

C 5,

4: What

4. What have I done for him, that dy'd
To save my Soul from endless Woe?
How much have I his Patience try'd?
From whom all my Enjoyments flow.

5. Fast, as my flying Minutes pass,
My Faults augment the former Sum:
Forgive the past, and by thy Grace
Prevent the like for Time to come.

6. LORD sprinkle with atoning Blood;
Then down I'll lie and take my Rest;
Trust the Protection of my GOD,
And sleep, as on my Saviour's Breast.



XL. Common Metre. (Alter'd.)

1. **A** Ccept, O GOD my Evening Song,
Like Incense let it rise:
Stir up my Heart, and tune my Tongue
For this my Sacrifice.

2. Thou hast my kind Protector been,
Thro' th' Dangers of the Day:
My Guardian to defend from Sin;
And lead me in thy Way.

3. Incessantly thy Bounty flow'd:
Each Moment brought me Aid:
But what Returns have I to GOD
For all his Bounty made?

4. What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my Soul from Woe?

How

(55)

How much have I his Patience try'd,
From whom my Comforts flow;

5. Fast, as my flying Minutes pass,
I have encreas'd Guilt's Sum:

Forgive what's past, and by thy Grace
Help me for Time to come.

6. LORD sprinkle with atoning Blood;
Then down I'll lie and rest:
Trust the Protection of my GOD,
And sleep on Saviour's Breast.

XLI. A Charity HYMN.

Mr. Brown (alter'd.)

1. **L**ord, thou hast said, both High and Low,
Must at thy Bar appear;
And give a strict Account of all
Their Trusts, and Talents here.

2. Help us to learn, from thy own Words,
What we shou'd do and be;
Help us to act a faithful Part,
As Stewards unto thee.

3. Thine is my All; yet such thy Grace;
What I expend on thine;
Shall be repaid, with large increase,
And richly add to mine.

4. Yea thou'lt accept as done to thee,
What for thy Saints is done:
And at the great decisive Day,
Each Act of Kindness own.

5. Do thou, my GOD, enlarge my Heart;
And open wide my Hand;
That *here* I may my Trust discharge,
And *there* Triumphant stand!



XLII. LORD'S Day.

Mr. Watts (alter'd.)

Rev. v. 12.

1. **T**HIS Day, the Saints honour ascribe
To thee, O GOD, the Lamb:
Tho' neither they, nor Angels sing,
Notes equal to thy Name.

2. Worthy the Lamb, the Prince of Peace,
That suffer'd and was slain;
Worthy to be exalted high,
And with the Father reign.

3. Pow'r and Dominion are his Right;
Tho' once at Pilate's Bar
He stood condemn'd; Wisdom is his,
Tho' charg'd with Folly here.

4. All Riches are by him possess'd,
Reward of former loss:
Eternal Might's his due; he left
His Weakness on the Cross.

5. High Honours now are to him paid,
Instead of haughty Scorn:
And Glory too, see on his Head
A Crown, without a Thorn.

6. Blessing

(61)

6. Blessing for ever on the Lamb;
Who bore the Curse for Men: *****
Let Angels sound his sacred Name;
All Creatures say, *Amen.* VLIX

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XLIII. LORD'S Day.

Mr. Wats. (alter'd)

1. " **T**HIS Day Redemption-work we sing;
" The Author magnifie:
" Who dy'd for Sin; who rose again,
" Ascended up on High.
2. We bless the Prophet of the LORD,
That comes with Truth and Grace:
JESUS, thy Spirit and thy Word
Shall lead us in thy Ways.
3. We rev'rence our High Priest above;
Who offer'd up his Blood:
And lives to carry on his Work,
By pleading with our GOD.
4. We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his Commands?
His Pow'r defends from Sin, and Hell;
His Grace our Souls sustains.
5. *Hosanna* to his glorious Name,
Who saves by diff'rent Ways:
His Mercies lay a Sov'reign claim,
To our immortal Praise.

XLIV. LORD'S



XLIV. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Watts. (alter'd)

1. **H**OW sweet, tho' awful, is the Place!
 ("May I dwell ever there")
 Where everlasting Love displays
 The choicest of her Store.

2. "From th' royal Seat and Throne above,
 Hither the King descends:
 Come, my beloved, eat he cries,
 Drink plenteously, my Friends.

3. He smiles and cheers my mournful Heart,
 And tells of all his Pain:
 All this, says he, I bore for thee;
 And then he smiles again.

4. See here the Blood that JESUS shed,
 Whence all our Pardons rise:
 "We've Peace, and Life, and ev'ry Joy,
 "Thro' this dear Sacrifice.

5. Join all ye Saints, with Hearts inflam'd,
 Join to admire the Feast:
 Each one with Wonder crying out,
 Lord, why was I a Guest?

6. Twas the same Love, that made the Feast;
 And kindly call'd me in;
 Else I had still this Grace despis'd,
 And perish'd in my Sin.

7. "O my dear LORD, what shall I pay
 "For Favours so divine:—

"Had I

"Had I a thousand Hearts, and Lives;

"All should be ever thine."



XLV. LORD'S Supper.

(Mr. Wat.). (alter'd)

Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

1. **T**O him that brightly has display'd,
The Wonders of his Love;
Be humble Honours paid below,
But higher Praise above.
2. 'Twas he that cleans'd our crimson Sins;
And washt us in his Blood:
'Tis he that makes us Priests and Kings,
And brings us near to GOD.
3. To JESUS our atoning Priest;
To him our Lord and King:
Be everlasting Pow'r confest,
Let all his Glory sing.
4. Behold, on flying Clouds, he comes,
Each Eye shall see him move:
Tho', with our Sins, we have him pierc'd,
He'll then appear in Love.
5. The unbelieving World shall wail,
But Saints welcome his Day:
"Come LORD, the Voice of Faith and Love,
"Nor let thy Chariots stay.
6. "Lord we are thine, th' Indenture's made,
"Thy Blood, our Love, have seal'd:
"Own

" Own us as thine, when thou from Heav'n,
 " In Glory art reveal'd.



XLVI. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Watts. (alter'd.)

Solomon's Song, Chap. i. Ver. 2, &c.

1. **L**ET him imbrace my Soul, and say
 Beloved, thou art mine:
 This Pleasure gives, which far exceeds
 The Blessings of the Vine.
2. Tho' black we are, as *Kedar's Tents*,
 Yet with thy Beauties on
 Fair we appear, and well adorn'd,
 Like th' Courts of *Solomon*.
3. Whilst at his Table sits the King,
 Graces, our best perfume:
 By him drawn forth, like *Spikenard* rich,
 With Odours fill the Room.
4. Beneath his cooling Shade I sat;
 The scorching Heat to ease:
 Of heav'nly Fruit he spreads a Feast,
 My Eyes and Taste to please.
5. He brought me to the Banquet-house,
 Well furnish'd from above:
 He saw me faint, and or'e me cast
 The Banner of his Love.
6. Oh! never let my LORD depart;
 Let nothing him remove:

I charge my Sins, not once to wake,
Nor stir, nor grieve my Love.

XLVII. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Wats. (alter'd.)

Solomon's Song, Chap. ii.

1. **H**ARK! the Redeemer from on high,
sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
Now, in the Gospels clearest Glass,
He shows the Beauties of his Face.

2. My Soul to Pastures fair he leads,
Among the Lillies where he feeds:
Among the Saints (whose Robes are white
Wash'd in his Blood) is his delight.

3. I am my Love's, and he is mine:
Our Hearts, our Passions, all here joyn:
" Confirm the Word with thy Amen;
" Nothing I want, but Heaven then!

4. O! may each act of Worship be
Like my Esponsals, LORD, to thee;
Like the dear Hour, when from above,
I had the Pledges of thy Love.

5. Now may my Spices flow abroad,
Such as may entertain my LORD;
May Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

6. Then my belov'd will come, and taste
His pleasant Fruits, at his own Feast:

" Blest

" Blest be my GOD, that taste I may,
 " I'll feast when comes the Marriage-day.

XLVIII. L O R D's Supper.

Mr. Watts (alter'd.)

1. **H**OW are thy Glories here display'd!
 Great GOD! how bright they shine!
 Whilst at thy Word, we break the Bread,
 And pour the flowing Wine.
2. Here thy adored Justice stands,
 And pleads its righteous cause:
 Here saving Mercy spreads her Hands,
 Like JESUS on the Cross.
3. Thy Saints attend, with ev'ry Grace,
 On this great Sacrifice:
 Here Love appears with cheerful Face,
 And Faith with fixed Eyes.
4. Our hope, in waiting Posture, sits
 To Heav'n directs her sight:
 Here every warmer Passion meets,
 And vig'rous Pow'rs unite.
5. Zeal, and Revenge perform their part,
 And Rebel-sin destroy:
 Repentance comes, with broken Heart,
 Yet not forbids the Joy.
6. Dear Saviour change our Faith to sight;
 Take us to dwell on high:
 Then shall our Souls be all delight,
 And every Tear be dry.

XLIX. For



XLIX. *For a Funeral.*

Mr. Wats (alter'd.)

1. **W**HY do we mourn departed Friends,
And shrink at Death's Alarms?
'Tis JESUS Voice, that calleth home
His Servants to his Arms.
2. Why so reluctant do we lay
Their Bodies in the Tomb?
Our dearest LORD himself lay there,
And left a long Perfume.
3. The Graves of all his Saints he blest'd,
And soft'ned ev'ry Bed:
Where should the dying Members rest,
But with the dying Head?
4. Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as Time can move?
Nor should we wish the Hours more slow,
To keep us from his Love.
5. He dy'd, he rose, went up on High,
To shew his Saints the way:
They shall ascend above the Sky,
At the great rising Day.



L. *A Morning HYMN.*

Mr. Wats. (alter'd.)

1. **G**OD of the Morning, at whose Voice;
The Sun makes haste to rise;
And like a Giant does rejoice
To journey thro' the Skies.
2. From the fair Chambers of the *East*,
His Race he still begins;
And without weariness, or rest
Round the whole Earth he shines.
3. O! like the Sun, may I fulfil
The Duties of each Day;
With ready Mind, and active Will,
March on and keep my Way.
4. How constant, Lord, thy care and love!
Thy Gifts are daily new:
Mercies each Morning, from above
Distill like early dew.
5. By thee I safely pass the Night;
Thou guard'st my sleeping Hours;
Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all my Pow'rs.
6. Thankful to thee my self I yield,
And consecrate my Day's:
That Goodness which each Day has fill'd,
Demands a daily Praise.

LI. A Morning HYMN.

Mr. Wats.

1. **O**NCE more, my Soul, the rising Sun
Salutes thy waking Eyes:
Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
To him that rules the Skies.
2. Night unto Night his Name repeats:
The Day renews the Sound:
Wide as the Heav'n, on which he sits,
Commanding Seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal Frame;
My Tongue shall speak his Praise:
My Sins would rouse his Wrath to flame;
And yet his Wrath delays.
4. On a poor Worm thy Pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
Thy Justice might have crush'd me dead;
But Mercy held thy Hand.
5. A thousand wretched Souls are fled,
Since the last setting Sun:
And yet thou lengthen'st out my Thread;
And still my Moments run.
6. Dear GOD! may all my Hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the Light:
Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing Night.

LII. LORD's

LIN. LORD's Supper.

By a Friend. Long Metre.

Do this—

1. **B**Ehold he calls! Whose Voice is this?
A Voice his chosen Sheep well know:
The blessed JESUS's Voice it is,
To poor imperfect Saints below.

2. *Do this*, says he: O! what, my LORD?
For thee my Blood, my Life resign!
To thee its due; tho' that's not it,
But eat this Bread, and drink this Wine.

3. Let this be your Remembrancer,
To call my suff'ring Aids to mind;
How agoniz'd; How on the Cross,
My Spirit to GOD, I there resign'd.

4. My Flesh how torn, my Body pierc'd;
A Death of so much Pain my Lot:
Such Love as this, I do expect,
Should never be by mine forgot.

5. LORD, may we to our Memory's,
The Hist'ry of thy Love commit:
Repent, believe, admire, rejoice,
When we do at thy Table sit.

LIII. LORD's

LIII. LORD's Supper.

By a Friend. (alter'd.)

1. Joyful the Day, when Tidings came,
Of a Redeemer's Birth :
Wonders of Grace appear'd the same,
When he resign'd his Breath.
2. Calv'ry, that pleasing dreadful Place,
Where I my Saviour see ;
As there extended on the Cross,
He bled and dy'd for me.
3. O're pow'r'd with Grief and Misery,
My GOD, My GOD, he cries :
O! Why hast thou forsaken me,
Then bow's his Head and dies.
4. All Nature felt the parting Groan ;
The Sun withdrew his Light :
The Rocks were rent, Men were alone
Relentless at the Sight.
5. Dear the Salvation which he bought,
His Love shall be our Theme :
'Twas great to speak a World from nought,
But greater to redeem.
6. With humble Rev'rence, LORD, we bring
A Tribute of our Love ;
With more Devotion we shall sing,
Thy Praises when above.

LIV. LORD's

LIV. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Boife (alter'd.)

1. **L**O! here's the most amazing Proof
 Of great and matchless Love;
 Not that our early Love to G O D,
 Did his prevent and move.
2. His Motives all to pity us,
 From his own Bowels flow:
 Thence came the richest Gift of Heav'n,
 To guilty Men below.
3. His dearest, and his only Son,
 On this bless'd Errand sent,
 To free our Souls from Death and Hell,
 As their just Punishment.
4. Since to redeem our Life, no less
 A Ransom would suffice;
 He the High Priest became, and he,
 Th' atoning Sacrifice.
- Rev. i. v. 5. *To him*, who in his ardent Love
 His precious Blood hath spilt;
 And in that sacred Laver wash'd
 Our Souls from all their Guilt.
6. *To him*, whose Grace has us advanc'd
 To such high Dignity,
 That we should glorious Kings, and Priests,
 To G O D our Father be.
7. *To him* let his redeemed ones
 Glory, Dominion give,

Power,

Pow'r, Riches, Wisdom, Blessing, Strength,
His Praise shall ever live.

LV. LORD's Supper.

Mr. Boile.

1. **D**R A W me dear LORD, and after thee, Cant. 1. vi
With swiftest Wings we'll move; 4
Thou Object of our highest Joys,
And of our dearest Love.
2. Under thy Shadow I have sat, Chap. 2. vi
With ravishing Delight; 3.
And thy delicious Fruit did taste;
Sweet to my Appetite.
3. With Dainties of an heavenly Feast, Verf. 4.
Thou hast thy Table spread,
Whilst thy Love's Banner was display'd
In Triumph o're my Head.
4. I am my blessed Saviour's, Verf. 16.
Nay more, he now is mine; 8.
Whose Love a richer Cordial is, Chap. 2.
Than the most generous Wine. v. 2.
5. Awake ye Winds, and with warm Gales, Chap. 4.
Upon my Garden blow; vi. 16.
That all its Spices may afresh,
With fragrant Odours flow.
6. Now LORD, into thy Garden come;
Disdain not to receive,

D

And

And eat thy pleasant Fruits, tho' poor,
The best I have to give.

XX

LVI. For Baptism.

Mr. Boife. Rom. vi. Ver. 4.

1. **B**Y sacred Baptism with our LORD,
We now are buried,
The Badge of our Conformity,
Unto our dying Head.
2. That as the Father's glorious Pow'r,
Did him when dead revive;
So we by Grace restor'd anew
An heavenly Life might live.
3. For if the Image of his Death,
We in this Emblem wear:
We in his Resurrection too
Shall his Resemblance bear.
4. Baptism to all the Penitent,
Do's free Remission seal,
And that good Spirit do's convey,
Whose Grace do's cleanse and heal.
- Gal. 3. v. 27. 5. Since then by Baptism we put on,
Christ and his Livery;
2 Tim. 2. v. 19. Let us who name that holy Name,
Flee from Iniquity.

LVII. LORD

LVII. LORD's Day.

Dr. Patrick (Paraphrase on the Psalm.)

1. **H**OW beautiful is the Place where thou, Psal. 84. 2.
Thy Presence LORD dost grant,
O! how I long t' approach thy Courts,
Impatient of Restraint.

2. Thrice happy Men, that may frequent,
Thy House to praise thee still, Verf. 4. 5.
Whose Trust is in thine Aid, whose Heart
Devout Affections fill.

3. A thousand joyous Days elsewhere
Yield me not such Content;
As one Days Freedom in thy House,
And in thy Service spent.

4. There let me have the meanest Place, Verf. 10.
And at thy Threshold lie;
Rather than all the Wicked's State,
Without this Liberty.

5. To the rich Plenty of thy House, Psal. 35. 8.
For all Supplies I look,
And freely of thy Pleasures drink,
As from a running Brook.

6. LORD, all the Springs of Life and Joy Verf. 9.
Derived are from thee,
From thy continued Favour flows
All our Felicity.

7. To those that thus esteem thy Love,
Thy Kindness still impart ;
And all thy Promises fulfil,
To Men of upright Heart.



LVIII. LORD'S Day.

Dr. Patrick.

- 1.** **B**lest Fountain of my Joy, for thee
Psal. 42. v. I long, to thee I look ;
1. No chafed Hart doth pant so much,
After the Water Brook.
- 2.** Less Grief it is to be exil'd
Vers. 2. From mine own House, than thine,
O, how I wish t'approach the Place,
Where all thy Glories shine.
- 3.** Past Joys renew my Tears to think
Vers. 4. How to thy House we came
In Troops to feast, and Praises sung
In Consort to thy Name.
- 4.** May I appear, as I was wont,
Psal. 63. v. Within thy holy Place,
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And to obtain thy Grace.
- 5.** For Life it self, without thy Love,
Vers. 3. No Relish do's afford ;
No other Joys can equal this,
To serve and praise the LORD.
- 6.** I'll therefore make my Prayers to thee,
Vers. 4. And praise thee while I live ;

This

This like the choicest Dainties will,
Both Food and Pleasure give.

7. " My Heart is fixt, LORD fix it more;
" And tune it by thy Grace,
" Then Heart and Tongue shall chearful join;
" To celebrate thy Praise.

LIX. LORD's Supper.

(b. 7. 11.) Dr. Patrick.

1. **A**LL ye that serve the LORD, his Name;
See that ye celebrate,
All ye that fear him sing aloud
His Praise, both small and great.
2. O thou great Ruler of the World!
Thy Works our Wonder raise:
Thou blessed King of Saints, how true,
And righteous are thy Ways!
3. All Glory, Pow'r, and Honour, thou
Art worthy to receive:
For all Things by thy Pow'r were made,
And for thy Pleasure live.
4. To thee of right, O Lamb of GOD,
Riches and Pow'r belong:
Wisdom, and Honour, Glory, Strength,
And ev'ry praising Song.
5. Thou, as our Sacrifice, wast slain:
And by thy precious Blood,

From ev'ry Tongue and Nation, hast
Redeem'd us unto GOD.

6. Blessing and Honour, Glory, Power,
By all in Earth and Heav'n,
To him that sits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb be giv'n.



LX. LORD'S Day.

Dr. Patrick and Mr. Watts. (alter'd.)

Psal. 118.

1. **T**HIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
We will rejoice therein:
Wonders of Grace this Day were done,
By us with Wonder seen.

2. To Day Christ rose, and left the Grave,
And Satan's Empire fell:
To Day the Saints his Triumphs spread,
His Works with Triumph tell.

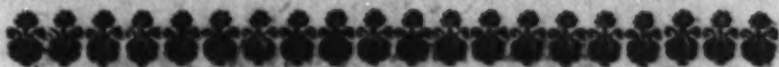
3. He rose, and with triumphant shout
Went up above the Sky's:
And after him, as Spoils, he draws
His captiv'd Enemies.

4. Bless'd be the LORD, who comes to us
With Messages of Grace:
Who comes in GOD his Father's Name,
To save our sinful Race.

§ Well

5. We'll join our Acclamations,
And loud *Hosanna's* sing:
Wishing Prosperity may wait
On him, that is our King.

6. *Hosanna* in the highest Strains,
The Church on Earth can raise;
The better Saints, 'mongst whom he dwells,
Shall give him better Praise.



LXI. LORD'S Supper.

Mr. Sennet. (alter'd.)

1. **I**N grateful Hymns ye Saints display,
Redeeming Grace and Love:
A Love whose Flame inspires the Songs
Of all the Hosts above.

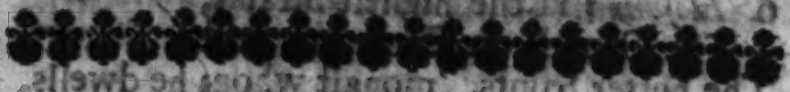
2. Tho' we on Earth can't sing like them,
We'll praise in lower strain
A fervent Soul, that breaths his Praise,
Tho' weak, he'll not disdain.

3. Whilst on thy Cross we thee behold,
Dear LORD, thy Love appears
In every Wound, stronger than Death,
Flowing in Blood and Tears.

4. Thy Blood's a living Stream, from whence
The Soul new Life derives:
This yields the Oil of sacred Joy,
Which broken Hearts revives.

((60))

5. O shine on humble Souls, who round
Thy Table do surround:
Let not our Sins eclipse thy Face,
A Ransom thou hast found.



LXII. LORD'S Supper.

Mr. Securus. (alter d.)

1. **A**LL thy created Works, O LORD,
In Earth and Heav'n above:
And all thy Works of Providence,
Speak thee a GOD of Love.
2. But the surprizing Acts of Grace,
To Adam's guilty Seed:
Most fully show to all the World,
That GOD is Love indeed.
3. Love drew the Model of our Bliss,
In the Decrees divine;
Conducts the Work and will at length,
Compleat the vast design.
4. Love brought the Son down from his Throne,
Into a Virgin's Womb:
Fast'ned him to a cursed Tree,
And laid him in a Tomb.
5. Love carry'd him up to his Throne;
There to prepare us room;
And Love will bring him down again,
At last to take us home.

6. To

6. To Objects worthy of thy Wrath;
 Thy boundless Love extends:
 Thou'rt kinder to thine Enemies,
 Than Men are to their Friends.

LXIII. LORD's Supper. Long Metre.

Mr. Stanner. (alter'd.)

1. **O**THERS may tell of famous Things,
 Done by their Heroes and their Kings;
 The LORD we serve them all exceeds,
 For mighty Suff'rings, mighty Deeds.

2. The Torments he has undergone,
 The glorious Vict'ries he has won:
 Armies of wond'ring Angels cause,
 To fill the Heav'ns with loud applause.

3. Deep in our Breast let us record,
 The Story of our dying LORD:
 As we his kind Memorials view,
 Our Wonder and our Songs renew.

4. From Heav'n the LORD of Glory came,
 On Earth to bear reproach and shame:
 The Son of GOD his Face did cloud,
 Under a mortal Body's Shroud.

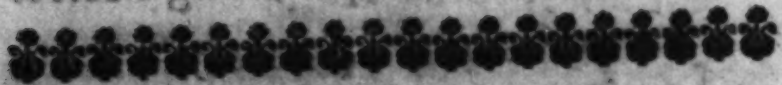
5. The King of Kings, a Crown adorn's,
 Instead of Gems all set with Thorns:
 He whom the Angels prais'd and blest,
 Is made the Rabble's scorn and jest.

6. The meek, the just, and holy One,
 Under the Weight of Sin did groan:

He

He on a Cross relinſ his Breath,
Who keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.

7. Myſterious Grace and Wiſdom this! I ſee
Thus purchas'd was our Life and Blifs:
Join in our Songs, ye Quire above,
Help us to praife redeeming Love.



LXIV. Gratitude to Providence.

Mr. Addiſon.

PART I.

1. **W**HEN all thy Mercies, O my G.O.D,
My riſing Soul ſurveyſ:
Transported with the view, I'm loſt
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.
2. O how ſhall Words with equal warmth
The Gratitude declare!
That glows within my raviſh'd Heart,
But thou canſt read it there.
3. Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
And all my Wants redreſs'd:
When in the ſilent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.
4. To all my weak Complaints and Cryſ,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear:
E're yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in Pray'r.

S. Un-

5. Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul;
 Thy tender Care bestow'd:
 Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd,
 From whom those Comforts flow'd.

6. When in the slip'ry Paths of Youth,
 With heedless Steps I ran:
 Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to Man.



Second P A R T.

7. **T**Hro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way:
 And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,
 —More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with Sickness, oft hast thou
 With Health renew'd my Face:
 And when in Sins and Sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

9. Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliss,
 Has made my Cup run o're:
 And in a kind and faithful Friend,
 Has doubled all my store.

10. Ten thousand, thousand, precious Gifts,
 My daily Thanks employ:
 Nor is the least a chearful Heart,
 That tastes those Gifts with Joy.

11. Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life,
 Thy Goodness I'll pursue:

And

And after Death in distant Worlds,
The glorious Theme renew.

12. When Nature fails, and Day and Night,
Divide thy Works no more:

My ever grateful Heart, O LORD,
Thy Mercy shall adore.

13. Thro' all Eternity to thee,
A joyful Song I'll raise,

For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.

Second Part

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Dares,
It gently clear'd my way:
And thro' the pleasing Snare of Vice,

When I was with Sickness, old and then
When I was in Sins and sorrows then
Reviv'd my soul with Grace.

F I N I S

Thy Love has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend,
Has doubl'd all my Store.

For Ten thousand Blessings give
To those who love thee with a true
Nor is the least a Christian's Love,
That takes those Gifts with Joy.

Thro' every Period of my Life,
Thy Goodness I'll adore.



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